THE

BUTIAD,

OR

Political Regiſter;

BEING A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

BRITISH ANTIDOTE

TO

Caledonian Poiſon.

CONTAINING

FORTY-THREE of the moſt Humorous

POLITICAL PRINTS;

Interſperſed with a GREAT VARIETY of Songs, Letters, Remarks, Extracts, Epigrams, &c. &c. &c.

None of which are inſerted in the *Britiſh Antidote*.

To which is prefixed, an

EXPLANATION of every particular PRINT.

The WHOLE

Calculated to entertain, and at the ſame Time give the Reader a conciſe View of the Poſture of Political Affairs, during the remarkable

Years 1762 and 1763.

Veluti in Speculo.

LONDON:

Printed for E. SUMPTER, facing St. BRIDE's Church, *Fleet-Street*. 1763.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The PROLOGUE. Spoken by Any Body.

THE World's a Stage *(great Shakſpeare ſays)*
Whereon are acted many Plays,
By many Actors, many Ways.
Some play the Rogue, and ſome the Whore,
Some play the Wealthy, ſome the Poor;
Some play the Spendthrift, ſome the Miſer,
Some play the Fool, and ſome the Wiſe, Sir;
But of all Actors now in Faſhion,
On this ſmall Stage, the Engliſh *Nation,*
That ſtands unrival'd in his Art,
And tops, like Garrick, *every Part;*
Who, Proteus *like, can ſhift about,*
Turn whom he pleaſes in or out;
Whoſe Powers no Man alive can tell,
Is the fam'd Northern Machiavel.
Throughout this Work he will amaze,
Throughout with all his Skill he plays.
Whether as Tutor firſt he ſtand,
*Or court a P** Sword in Hand,*
Or at the Council-Board adviſe,
To bleſs the Nation, — the EXCISE,
Or greater ſtill, though ſome may blame,
On Peace, *on* Peace, *he builds his Fame.*
In Art he's ready and diſcerning,
Still to encourage Men of Learning;
Mallet *and* Home *confeſs his Skill,*
Or the great, candid, Doctor Hill.
But vain is Praiſe, ſay all I can,
No Words can ere deſcribe the Man,
His ſubtle Arts, his dirty Tricks,
His Beggar's Pride and Politicks;
Whate'er with Truth the Muſe can bring,
His boaſted Favour with the K—g,
Will ſtill fall ſhort of his Deſerts,
Theſe Scenes alone diſplay his Parts.
Then thus the Authors bade me ſay,
While you peruſe this Farce — or Play,
With due Attention you regard,
Conviction will be your Reward.

And if you think that in his Art,
He beſt performs a Maſkwell's *Part,*
In Time you'll ſee the Maſk pull'd off,
And Sawney *ſtand the publick Scoff.*
Thus much the Prologue has to ſay,
Now enter Sawney, *and begin the* Play.

EPILOGUE, Spoken by a SCOTSMAN.

(He enters ſinging.)

HOW ſweet are the Banks upon Tweed,
Troth very ſweet, it is agreed,
But England *has ſuch Sweets in Store,*
As never bleſs'd our Scottiſh *Shore,*
Till bonny Sawney *came in Power.*
Our Patriarch, Patriot, *muckle* Sawney,
Makes Scotland *flow with Milk and Honey,*
By Din of powerful Engliſh Money.
The Southern *Lads, ſo trim and gay,*
To Caledonian *Lads give Way,*
I ken they dinna like the Play.
But that is neither here nor there,
For Sawney *has the Royal Ear,*
So let 'em rail, we need na care.
This Book which I juſt now have bought [pulls out the Britiſh Antidote]
Convinces me in what I thought
This Book diſplays their paultry Malice,
Which to us all would give the — Gallows;
But that, thank God, we need not dread,
While my gued Laird ſtill ſhines the Head;
For tho' a Stuart, *well 'tis known.*
He loves the King upon the Throne,
Till he finds Time to pull him down. [aſide]
So let the Engliſh *Loons rage on,*
And thou ſtand firm bra' muckle John:
For ſtill when Fortune turns the Scale,
The Loſers muſt have Leave to rail, [with a Sneer
But that we need na heed a Pin,
Since thoſe may likewiſe laugh who win. [A Sneer.

Exit Sawney — *Singing* The Highland Laddie.

AYLIFFE's Ghoſt: Or, the FOX ſtinks worſe than ever. *See the Plate.*

A DISMAL DITTY.

By CHARLES ALEXANDER CHURCHILL.

I'd take the Ghoſt's word for a Thouſand Pounds. HAMLET.

RECITATIVE.

WHO has not heard of *Reynard*'s crafty tricks,
His pride, his rapine, and his politicks;
His ways and means to plunder K--g and S--e;
Diſtreſs the Needy, and enrich the Great?
Then liſt! O liſt! while I a tale unfold,
Shall make your hair erect, and blood run cold.
At *H*——*d* houſe, not far from this great city,
Was acted lately this ſtrange diſmal ditty.

AIR. William *and* Margaret.

'Twas at the time when *Morpheus* reign'd,
And Screech owls take their flight;
When injur'd Spectres walk the earth,
The Guilty to affright.

The clock had told the midnight's hour,
When wrapt in winding ſheet,
In glided *Ayliffe*'s grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at *Reynard*'s feet.

His face was like a Barber's block,
When newly powder'd o'er;
And round his neck, for ſolitaire,
A hempen ſtring he wore.

Stretch'd out upon his bed of down,
The drowſy S——n lay;
In dreams reſolving future ſchemes,
His Country to betray.

Three times the angry airy Form,
The curtains hard did ſhake;
And three times cry'd in hollow tone,
"*Awake! Awake! Awake!*"

The unexpected awful ſound,
Soon reach'd the Villain's ear;
Then, like ſtern *Richard* in his tent,
He ſtarted pale with fear.

"Hah! what, or who, or whence art thou,
"That thus offends my ſight?
"Art thou corporeal, quickly ſay,
"Or viſionary Sprite."

"Behold (return'd the throttled Shade)
"A face you well muſt know;
"By thee condemn'd to die with ſhame,
"And ſuffer pains below.

"What though I forg'd that fatal Scroll,
"I only cheated you;
"But K—g and C——y you have wrong'd;
"What will not Traitors do?

"On

" On aged *Tyburn*'s triple tree,
" A Victim I was made;
" For fear my tongue ſhould blab ſuch truths,
" Would make thy Honours fade.

" But ſoft — I ſcent the morning air;
" Brief let me be — then know
" I come to tell thee whence I came,
" You ſoon muſt alſo go.

" Not all thy arts, or wealth, can e'er
" Avert the ſtrict decree;
" The ſame baſe hand that ſtretch'd my neck,
" Shall do the ſame for thee.

" *Britannia*'s drooping ſons, once rid
" Of thee and *Scotiſh* pride,
" Again with joy ſhall raiſe their heads,
" And *Pitt* ſhall be their guide."

Here ſtopt the ſhade —— and quick as thought,
Diſſolv'd itſelf in Air,
And left the troubled Man of State,
O'erwhelm'd with black deſpair.

The DEVIL TO PAY; or, The STATE INDIFFERENCE. By *Thomas Appletree*, of *Herefordſhire*.

Liberty, Property, and no Exciſe.

An Old Engliſh Motto.

RECITATIVE.

BRITONS, give ear; I ſing in doleful lay,
The dangers that ſurround us every day.
How *Scotchmen* flouriſh, *Engliſhmen* decline,
And all our glories fade, which once did ſhine:

How *Taxes* fall, like hailſtones, thick and faſt,
Which muſt in *England's* ruin end at laſt:
And how *Exciſemen* now may ſearch our houſes,
Rummage our butts, our daughters, and our ſpouſes.

AIR I. *Oh, London is a fine Town*, &c.

Oh, *London* is a fine town, a brave and gallant city;
The *Mayor* too is an honeſt man which Courtiers think a pity:
For when he heard this *Bill* was paſt the *Commons* and the *Peers*,
Juſt like a cat that ſmells a rat, My Lord prick'd up his ears;
And ſtraightway did a council call, of loyal, good, and wiſe men,
That they petition might the King, againſt theſe curſt *Exciſemen*.

AIR II. *Stick a pin there*, &c.

And then to *St. James's* away they all ſteer'd,
And boldly before our good *Monarch* appear'd.
With lowly ſubmiſſion then offer'd their ſuit,
In ſpite of ſly *Reynard* and proud *John o' Boot*.

RECITATIVE.

Then *Boot* ſtepp'd forth, and cry'd with haughty ſneer,
"*Why, what the Deevil do theſe fallows here?*
"*They'd better meend their ſhops, and ſell their wares,*
"*Than e'er preſume to give themſelves theſe airs.*
"*If ſuffer'd thus to tell their idle wheems,*
"*They'll ope the* Streepling's *eyes, and blaſt our ſcheems.* [*aſide*

AIR III. *A Cobler there was*, &c.

But our good Lord the *King*, with a ſmile on his face,
Receiv'd their Petition with favour and grace,

And

And faithfully promis'd their caſe ſhould be heard,
Which moſt ſurely will be, ſince he's given his word,
Derry down, down, &c.
For when to the ſenate ſoon after he came,
He took up his pen, and, alas! ſign'd his name,
So *Sawney* may now bid the *Mayor* kiſs his a—,
Our Grand *Magna Charta* is all a mere farce,
Derry down, down, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Will no kind friend avert the fatal ſtroke!
Muſt *Britons* bend beneath the *Scottiſh* yoke?
Since robb'd of *Honour, Liberty*, and *Cyder*,
Ah me! I ſee deſtruction ſpreading wider,
Methinks I hear poor *Hodge* in mournful ſtrain,
Thus vent his rage againſt his country's bane:

AIR IV. *I've heard much Talk of Oxford Town, &c.*

Zince *Boot* has tax'd the Apple-trees,
In ev'ry *Britiſh* zhire;
Iſe take a hatchet, and choppen down,
And caſten in the fire.
Wife *Joan* and I, with children three,
May now go beg or ſteal:
I wiſh the *King* (God bleſs him) knew
What his poor ſubjects feel.

RECITATIVE.

Come then, my friends, ſince things turn out ſo croſs,
And we are forc'd to ſit down with our loſs:
Since bloody *Mars* has left the duſty plain,
And *Peace* and *Poverty*, and *Scotchmen* reign;
In fervent pray'r let's join, that better days
May to its wonted glory *England* raiſe.

AIR

AIR V. *Chevy Chace.*

God prosper long the King and Queen,
And eke the Prince their son;
That he may live to rule this land,
As his Papa has done.

God prosper long the P——t,
The P—rs and C——ns all;
For when the *Pillars* rotten prove,
The House in time must fall.

God prosper too my good *Lord Mayor*,
That Patriot brave and witty;
And grant that Trade and Riches long
May flourish through the City.

God prosper long the *British* arms,
When next we go to War;
For such a shameful P——e as this,
Each *Briton* must abhor.

God prosper long each loyal bard,
Who boldly weilds his pen,
Till PITT again shall guide the helm,
To which all say, AMEN.

MACBETH and the DOCTOR;

Or, SAWNEY *in a Fever.* A Dialogue.

'TIS reported that *Sawney* was taken ſo ill,
That in haſte he ſent forth for his friend Dr. *Pill:*
The Doctor arriv'd ſtrait as ſpruce as a beau;

Doctor. My dear Lord, how is it? —

Sawney. Ah Doctor! ſo, ſo.

Quoth the Doctor, I'm ſorry to ſee you ſo bad,
But cheer up your ſpirits and never be ſad;
I'll warrant to cure you: Thro' *England* the fame
Of my Noſtrums have gain'd me a very great Name.

My *Pectoral Balſam* is always a cure,
And is bought from all parts by the Rich and the Poor
For the Gout there's *Bardana*, the *Candid* agree,
The beſt thing diſcover'd — diſcover'd by *me.*

For the *Scurvy*, my Lord, — pray obſerve my advice,
The *Eſſence* of *Water-dock* take in a trice;
'Twill ſweeten your blood, aye and cleanſe it my Lord
And take off the *Itching.* It will, on my word.

Sawney. Ah Doctor, forbear; throw your phyſic away,
Set your vials aſide, and come nearer I pray;
My body would do if my mind was but well,
But that has more torments to plague me than Hell.

How goes the world, Doctor? — Pray what ſays the nation?
And what do they think of my quick *Reſignation?*

My

My *fav'rite* EXCISE — do they grumble and brawl?
Doctor. They burn you in Effigy. —
Sawney. Hell ſeize 'em all!
Doctor. They ſay your Reſigning is all a mere ſham,
That the meaſures in ev'ry thing ſtill are the ſame.

SAWNEY *(aſide.)*

By my Saul that is truth — for ſo I deſign'd it,
But did not imagine the Mob ere could find it.

DOCTOR.

The *Pittamite* ſide ſtill declare you ſhall down,
No *Stockman* ſhould ere be ſo neat *England's* Th—ne:
They ſwear that e'en now you're a r—b—l at heart,
And time will ſoon ſhew how you've acted your part.

At this *Sawney* ſtrait ſunk down in his bed,
And oh, have they found me out? (faintly he ſaid)
All his ſchemes of Oppreſſion together now crowd,
He rav'd like a madman, and roar'd out aloud.

The Doctor took leave when his Lordſhip grew worſe
And left his preſcriptions in writing with Nurſe:
Come, *Lucifer*, take him; for faith he's your own,
And kindly ſet free both the People and T—n.

Jockey

Jockey ELLIOT and his HOBBY-HORSE

Or, The LITTLE CAPTAIN's FALL.

A DREAM.

Intended as a Supplement to the NORTH-BRITON.

Tune of, *A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall.*

IT happen'd one night, as I lay on my bed,
This fantaſtical viſion came into my head;
Methought that I ſtood in a very great hall,
With the fam'd ——— *Elliot*, his wife, ſon, and all.
Derry down, &c.

The young captain to pleaſe his pappa muſt needs ride
On a ſmall hobby horſe which ſtood cloſe by his ſide,
With a ſword and cockade, and a *Scotch* brazen face,
He mounted and ſoon 'gan to gallop apace.
Derry down, &c.

When all of a ſudden he ſtopp'd his career,
The reaſon of which you ſhall preſently hear;
Ambition, that fury, had got in his head,
And thus, what he thought, to his father he ſaid.
Derry down, &c.

I'm thinking (if Fate ſhould ſo order my lot,
As *England* again may be rid by a *Scot*),
And you, Sir, I doubt not, would wiſh it no worſe,
That I were to ride on the State Hobby Horſe.
Derry down, &c.

As our friend who has made me a captain already,
Has rode pretty faſt, though not very ſteady,
I would quicken his pace with a ſpur on each heel,
That the nations in general my power ſhould feel.
Derry down, &c.

And if any ſhould dare at my riding to grumble,
Tax on tax I'd lay on, till I made them quite humble,
And all the State Jockeys recorded by fame,
Should be nothing compared with *Elliot*'s name.
Derry down, &c.

Philoſophers ſay (and I think they ſay true,)
What we wiſh is the greateſt when fartheſt from view,
The idea now made him to gallop ſo faſt,
That off of his nag, Sirs, he tumbled at laſt.
Derry down, &c.

The horſe to his driver began now to ſpeak,
(That this is not ſtrange you may learn from the *Greek**)
Conſider now, Jockey, of what is your fate,
If ever you ride on the Horſe of the State.
Derry down, &c.

Perhaps, for a while you may prance it away,
But you know the old ſaying, each dog has his day;
And certain as this, though this is but ſmall,
Your pride would ſoon give you a much greater fall.
Derry down, &c.

At this comical ſcene, I laughing, awoke,
Well pleas'd with the omen, as well as the joke,
Which ſeem'd to import, in my beſt opinion,
That the *Engliſh* would ne'er let the *Scotch* have dominion.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

* HOMER.

WILKES

WILKES and LIBERTY. A New Song.

To the Tune of, *Gee ho, Dobbin.*

WHen *Scottiſh* oppreſſion rear'd up its d---n'd head,
And *Old Engliſh* liberty almoſt was dead;
Brave *Wilkes*, like a true *Engliſh* Member aroſe,
And thunder'd defiance againſt *England*'s foes,
O ſweet Liberty! Wilkes and Liberty!
Old Engliſh Liberty, O!

With truth on his ſide, the great friend of his cauſe,
He wrote for the good of his country and laws;
No penſion could buy him — no title or place,
Could tempt him his country, or ſelf, to debaſe.
O ſweet Liberty! &c.

To daunt him in vain with confinement they try'd,
But ah his great ſoul e'en the *Tower* defy'd;
"*Conduct me, kind Sir* (to the jailor he ſaid)
"*Where never* Scotch *rebel, or Traitor, has laid.*"
O ſweet Liberty! &c.

But the jailor knew well it was not in his power,
To find ſuch a place any-where in the *Tower*;
So begg'd, if he could, he'd the lodging think well on,
Although it ſmelt ſtrongly of *Scotch* and *Rebellion.*
O brave Liberty! &c.

The friend of his cauſe, noble TEMPLE appear'd,
(Brave TEMPLE, by each *Engliſh* boſom rever'd)
But ſuch was their power --- or rather their ſpite,
That his lordſhip of *Wilkes* could not gain the leaſt ſight.
O poor Liberty! &c.

One

One would think then by this, and indeed with ſome
reaſon,
That poor Colonel *Wilkes* had been guilty of treaſon;
For ſure ſuch *good* people as now are in power,
Would ne'er ſend an innocent man to the *Tower*.
O poor Liberty! &c.

To *Weſtminſter* then they the traitor convey'd,
The traitor! what traitor? why *Wilkes*, as they ſaid;
But when he came there they were all in a pother,
And they look'd, like a parcel of fools, at each other.
O poor Liberty! &c.

Then back to the *Tower* they whirl'd him along,
Midſt the ſhouts and applauſe of a well-judging throng
While the dupes of oppreſſion debated, I trow, Sir,
Moſt wiſely in private on what they ſhould do, Sir.
O poor Liberty! &c.

Three days had elaps'd when to *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
They brought him again, midſt the plaudits of all;
When *Wiſdom* and *Pratt* ſoon decided the caſe,
And *Wilkes* was diſcharg'd without guilt or diſgrace.
O brave Liberty! &c.

Triumphant they bore him along through the crowd,
From true *Engliſh* voices joy eccho'd aloud:
A fig then for *Sawney*, his malice is vain,
We have *Wilkes*, aye and *Wilkes* has his freedom again.
O brave Liberty! Wilkes and Liberty!
Old Engliſh Liberty! O.

THE

The THREE CONJURORS

A political Interlude. Stolen from Shakeſpear.

As it was performed at ſundry places in Weſtminſter, *on* Saturday, April 30, *and* Sunday *the 1ſt of* May.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gremonte, *Haxy*, *Verville*,	Three Conjurors.
Macboote, *Spenco*,	Great Men.
Hecate; *Philip*, *Robert*,	Inferior Conjurors.

Meſſengers, Conſtables, Pipers, and other ſuitable attendants.

SCENE. *A private place.*

Hollow Murmurs.

Enter Three Conjurors.

1ſt C. WHEN ſhall we three ſee again
An eaſy and a peaceful reign?
2d C. When the hurly burly's o'er,
When this *W—kes* ſhall be no more.
3d C. Then we reach a ſafer ſhore.
1ſt C. When will't be?
2d C. That's in diſpute.
3d C. Now let's go to meet *Macboote!*

(Hecate from within)

——— Gremonte! 1ſt C. Hecate

1ſt C. Hecate calls, away!
All Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
To ſkreen Macboote is all our care.
All riſe from their ſeats and hurry off.

SCENE *changes to the fields, with a magnificent Statue in the Middle.*

Re-enter the Three Conjurors.

1ſt C. Where haſt thou been, brother?
2d C. Signing writs.
3d C. Brother, where thou?
1ſt C. A clumſy prieſt had papers in his hand,
And laugh'd, and laugh'd, and laugh'd; give me, quoth I!
Avaunt thee wretch, the rump-fed paſtor cries,
His comrade to the *caſtle* gone, maſter o'th' *Briton*,
But a purſuivant I'll ſend
Who ſhall barr out ev'ry friend,
I'll do —— I'll do —— and I'll do. ——
2d C. I'll give thee a voice.
1ſt C. I do rejoice.
3d C. And I another.
1ſt C. Macboote himſelf has all the other.
Maſter of the venal tribe
Who can ev'ry law preſcribe
To the c——c—l board,
He ſhall drain him dry as hay;
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
From friends and pen and ink forbid;
Seven long days, and nights, or nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine,

Tho'

Tho' a m--mb--r can't be loſt,
Yet he ſhall be faction toſt;
Look what I have!

2d C. Shew me, ſhew me.

1ſt C. Here are Peace Preliminaries,
Sign'd — tho' all beſide miſcarries.

(Here a general whiſper, which is interrupted by the ſound of bagpipes)

3d C. The bagpipes hear!
Macboote is near!

All The Britiſh conj'rors cheek by joul
Subject to Macboote's controul
Thus to go about, about.

1ſt C. Thrice to thine

2d C. And thrice to mine!

3d C. And thrice again to make up nine!

All Peace, the ſtate's wound up.

Enter Macboote *and* Speneo, *with pipers, meſſengers, conſtables, and other ſuitable attendants.*

Mac. So fair and foul a day I have not ſeen,

Spen. How far is't hence to the caſtle? what are theſe
So ſtupid and ſo ſtrange in their addreſs,
That look not like the m—ſt—rs of ſt—te,
And yet are in't — cheat you! or are you aught
That man may truſt! you ſeem to underſtand me
By each at once his empty noddle laying
Upon his ſhoulder — you ſhou'd be *old women*,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
So well of you.

Mac. I charge you ſpeak! what bring you?

1ſt C. All hail Macboote! hail to thee kn-ght o' the Th--le!

2d C. All

2d C. All hail Macboote! hail to thee kn-ght o'the
G--t--r!
3d C. All hail Macboote! that *wou'dſt* be K--g here-
after!
Spen. Why do you ſtart my lord, and ſeem amaz'd
At things which you do know-- i'th devil's name
Are you old womaniſh, or that indeed
Which outwardly you ſhew --- my noble patron
You greet with preſent grace, which he poſſeſſes;
Of nobler having, and of future hopes
He now ſeems wrapt withal; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the m--n---try
And ſee which man ſhall riſe, and which ſhall not
Speak then to me, who humbly beg your favour,
And greatly fear your hate.
1ſt C. Hail!
2d C. Hail!
3d C. Hail!
1ſt C. Fatter than Macboote, and ſhorter.
2d C. Not *ſo poor*, yet much poorer
3d C. Thou may'ſt get lords, but he get ----
So all hail — Macboote and Spenco
Spenco and Macboote all hail!
(The Conjurors bow and go off
Spen. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And theſe the *lighteſt*, whither are they gone?
Mac. Into the court — my buſineſs calls 'em there.
Spen. What buſineſs good my lord?
Mac. I'm more than m---n---r
In act not leſs than ---, yet fear this W---kes;
His horrid image does unfit my hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ſtar,
Againſt the uſe of nature.

[*To be continued to* No II.]

Spen.

Spen. Worthy Macboote?
Mac. Give me your favour, my *dull* brain was wrought
With doubts and fears — There's not a printer
But in his houſe I keep a devil ſee'd;
I will this moment unto Hecate ſpeed.
More ſhall ſhe ſpeak, more ſhall ſhe do, for now
I'm bent to act the worſt, for my own good,
By the worſt means; all nobles ſhall give place,
Strange things I have in head; which muſt to hand,
Which ere they're acted, if they ſhould be ſcan'd,
I muſt retire, and quit this troubled land.
Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to an apartment, in Macboote's houſe.*

Enter lady Macboote and a ſervant.

Lady Say to my lord I wou'd attend his leiſure
For a few words. ——
Serv. Madam, I will. —— *Exit.*
Lady Nought's left —— *all's ſpent*
And our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy
Then by deſtruction live in doubtful joy

Enter Macboote muſing.

How now my lord, why do you keep alone?
Thinking on that which cannot be recall'd,
They have been fools—but things without remedy
Shou'd be without regard; what's done is done.
Mac. We have ſcotched the ſnake not kill'd it,
She'll cloſe and be herſelf,; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

Let taxes multiply — a general Excise?
Let Liberty e'en lose her odious name
Ere we will eat our meat in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of those terrible thoughts
That keep me waking — But, have I not resinged
My staff of office? who then dare accuse
Me more? Monitors, North Britons, nothing
Can touch me farther!

Lady Come on.
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your pallid looks.

Mac. Oh! full of Scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that T——ple and his faction live.

Lady But in them nature's conny's not eternate.

Mac. 'Tis true, tho' great, they are assailable,
Then let's be jocund — ere the sun hath made
His second course — ere to sweet Hecate's summons
Thy faithful *Sawney* moves with vig'rous limb,
Gremonte, and my faithful Haxylaft
Shall do a deed of dreadful note.

Lady What's to be done?

Mac. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed — Come guilt fraught
Hecate,
Lend thy assistance to my great design!
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! that fatal *M—g—a Ch—ta.*
This once atchiev'd, my country rears her head,
Famine no more shall hover o'er our land,
But fix his empire in Brit—n—ia's heart,
While Ca—do—ia grasps her plunder'd wealth.
Thou wonders't at my word, but get thee in,
Things had begun make strong themselves by sin.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a garden.*

Three conjurors and Hecate meeting.

1ſt C. Why how now, Hecate, you look angrily.
Hec. Have I not reaſon. *Numſculls* as you are?
Bold and precipitate! how did you dare
T'adviſe and traffic with Macboote
In matters of ſuch high diſpute?
And I the miſtreſs of his charms,
The dark contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of my art?
The beſt on't is, what you have done
Has been for my true *Scotiſh* ſon;
Beauteous and *baſhful*, who as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends! now take your heels,
And at the houſe in ——— *Fields*,
Meet me i'th morning — thither he
Will come to know his deſtiny;
Two pair of meſſengers provide,
Your conſtables and all beſides.
I'm for my bed — this night I'll ſpend
Unto a moſt delicious end
Jobs muſt be jobbed ere Friday noon,
Therefore be ſure to meet me ſoon;
Mean while I muſt with choiceſt care.
Some line-drawn ſchemes, and ſpells prepare,
That by their ſtrength, may ſet to rights.
The blund'ring of ye *thickſcull'd* wights.
And try if bribes, or power's illuſion,
Can draw on W—kes to his confuſion.

He

He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear,
Confinement without ſign of fear;
And we all know ſecurity
Is mortal's chiefeſt enemy;

(Bagpipes and howling.)

Hark, I am call'd; my bonny *Scotſman* ſee,
Sits in a hackney-coach, and waits for me.

(Macboote without calls)

all this accompanied by the bagpipes.

Hecate! Hecate! come away!

Hec. Hark! hark! I'm call'd,
My gallant, bonny *Scotſman* ſee, ſee, ſee,
Sits in a hackney-coach and waits for me.

Mac. Hecate! Hecate!

Hec. Thy chearful voice I hear,
So blytheſome to my ear,
At which I come away
With all the ſpeed I may.

Mac. Where's H—ll—d?

Hec. Gone.

Mac. Where's Haxy?

Hec. Here.
Gremonte too, and Verville too;
We want but you, we want but you.

Mac. Come away, come away — make up th'accounts,

Hec. With Sterling gold,
For places ſold,
I will but ſtuff.

Mac. Oh, bring enough! bring enough!

Hec. Now I am furniſh'd
Now I am furniſh'd for my flight.

(Loud ſymphony of bagpipes whilſt Hecate gets into the coach)

Now

[*To be continued in* No. III.] Folio 25.

REYNARD's Trip to FRANCE.

A Fox *may ſteal your Hens, Sir.*

BEGGAR's OPERA.

By CHARLES ALEXANDER CHURCHILL.

WHEN *B—e*, *E—x*, and *B——d*, ſo honeſt and wiſe,
Had patch'd up the *Peace*, and enlarg'd the *EXCISE*;
When into a ferment the Nation was thrown,
And *Wilkes* was beginning to tell 'em their own;
Arch *Reynard*, alarm'd at what *Jack* was about,
And fearing their tricks would be ſhortly found out;
The people enrag'd too, would after them ſearch,
Reſolves the young *Lyon* to leave in the lurch;
Then ſlily takes leave, *a-la-mode-a-Paris*,
Defying the *Hangman*, the *Hatchet*, and *Tree*.

SAWNEY below Stairs. *See the Plate.*

NEws, news, *Britons*, news is arriv'd by this packet
Juſt brought by a Devil in flame colour'd jacket,
My Lord is got ſafe to the regions below;
Where all rogues like him will moſt certainly go.
The *Spencers*, Count *Bruhl*, and *Sejanus* of *Rome*,
With *Mortimer*, *Wolſey*, and *Walpole* are come
(All favourite ſtateſmen to Monarchs of yore)
To give his *Scotch* Lordſhip a welcome to ſhore.
While *Reynard* at diſtance waits old *Charon*'s boat,
That he too may join with ſuch Traytors of note:
So true is the proverb, "that Birds of a feather,
"At home or abroad, will be flocking together."

A *Catalogue* of the Kitchen Furniture of JOHN BULL, Esq; leaving off *Housekeeping*

Selling by AUCTION. *See the Plate.*

WHEN Housekeeping fails, which at present is true,
And the cooks and the scullions have nothing to do;
When the smells that were formerly wont to arise
From the sirloins and haunches, plumb puddings and pies:
When marrow bones breaking, and chopping of meat,
No longer give signs of an elegant treat:
When the larder from flesh, fish and fowl is quite free,
And the cellar is kept under strong lock and key:
When poverty stands as a guard at the door,
To tell us good eating is seen there no more:
When the dressers for want of much using grow dusty;
And pots, spits and ladles, and gridirons rusty;
Who the deuce would encumber their house with such trash,
When an AUCTION so soon will convert it to cash.
Then *Britons*, whose bags tho' continually swelling,
Yet let hospitality reign through your dwelling;
There's choice Kitchen Furniture, the best in the town
Now put up to sale at the *Thistle* and *Crown*.

THE CHAMPIONS OF SCOTLAND,

Addreſſed to

DR. *SMALLWIT*, and 'Squire *MORPHEW*,

Suppoſed AUTHORS of the

BRITON and *AUDITOR*.

By CHARLES ALEXANDER CHURCHILL.

We huff'd and puff'd, look'd big and ſtar'd,
And did all this, becauſe --- we dar'd.

DRAWCANSIR.

NOW *Sawney M^c Boot* has at length gain'd his ends,
His L--ſhip its hop'd, will provide for his friends.
Two champions like you who ſo *loyal* have been,
And valiantly waded through thick, and thro' thin;
Abus'd and beſpatter'd your *Betters* * with dirt,
Whoſe *Virtues* will always ſtand proof againſt hurt.

---

* *Duke of Newcaſtle, Lord Temple, William Pitt, Eſq; John Wilkes, Eſq;* &c. &c. &c.

Talk'd

Talk'd nonſenſe by wholeſale, and forg'd ſuch ſtrange lies,
In defence of the *Thiſtle*, the *Peace*, and *Exciſe*.
Related what never before was recorded,
Sure Merit like this will in time be rewarded;
Paſt ſervice in honour ſhould ne'er be forgot,
A *Place* or a *Penſion* muſt fall to your lot.
What think you of *Grooms of the Stool*? — Very fit!
Your *writings* will ſerve when his L——p's be——.

A DOUBLE ACROSTICK.

W ith *Scottiſh* inſolence and pride,
T he land was long oppreſt;
I n ruin plung'd, without a guide,
E nſlav'd, and ne'er at reſt.
L oud *Fame* at length good news proclaim'd,
M ade ſorrow turn to joy;
K ind Heaven two patriot heroes nam'd,
P roud *Sarwney* to deſtroy.
E ach in the cauſe ſtands firm as rock,
L oſt *England* to reſtore;
S miling at *Perſecution*'s ſhock,
E ſteem'd by all the more.

Now we go, and we fly,
Macboote, my ſweet *Scotſman*, and I.
Oh, what a dainty pleaſure's this
To ride in a coach,
While the riot's abroach;
To laugh, to ſing
To toy and kiſs,
Over vet'ran, over novice,
Over ev'ry public office,
Over friend, and over ſtranger,
We preſide — deſpiſing danger.
Drive off with a full chorus.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE *the inſide of a* large houſe, *in the* fields, — *a dark room, a cauldron burning in the middle.*

Hollow Murmurs.

Enter Three Conjurors very angry.

1ſt C. THRICE, and thrice the lion roar'd,
2d C. Twice and once the bagpipe dron'd,
3d C. Hecate cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1ſt C. Round about the cauldron go,
In the tortur'd morſels throw.
(They march round the cauldron, and throw in the ſeveral ingredients as a preparation of this charm.)

All Round about the cauldron go,
In the tortur'd morſels throw.
2d C. Shape the wax, ſtick the pin,
Deſpair attend what we put in.
1ſt C. Prieſt, that wrap'd in ſlander's robe,
Inflicts beyond the plagues of Job,
Sweltning venom guzzling got;
Boil thou firſt i'th' charmed pot.
All Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2d C. Number,
3d C. Which?
2d C. The firſt we hit on,
Of the ranc'rous damn'd North Briton,
Stuff'd with loſs of Newfoundland,
Licence giv'n to Gallic band
To fiſh upon that fatal bed
That well nigh waſh'd off Oxf--d's head;
'Vectives on the new-rais'd loan
Giv'n to friends — becauſe our own:
Tax diſclos'd to vulgar eyes
Elucidation of Exciſe,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell broth boil and bubble.
All Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
3d C. Spleen of P——d, foul of P--t,
T——ple's virtue, fire and wit
Of the patriot priſoner,
Whoſe curs'd genius made us err.
B--t--n's courage, G--t--n's pride,
That ſwells 'cauſe noble *Scots* preſide;
D--n--re's

[*To be continued to* No. IV.] Folio 33.

Written extempore on reading CHURCHILL's *Epiſtle to* WILLIAM HOGARTH.

HOW well the Satire's aim'd in this Epiſtle,
To blaſt the budding honours of the *Thiſtle.*
To drive foul treaſon to its native hell,
Like that arch-traytor who from heaven fell;
In colours equal to the *Painter*'s art,
It ſhews the rancour of the *Creature*'s heart;
Drags knaves in power from their dark retreats,
And lays 'em open on the letter'd ſheets,
The *Plaid*, the *Furr*, the *Ribbon*, and the *Lawn*,
Each line's the *Line of Beauty* finely drawn.

A REBUS.

THE Place for worſhipping invented,
But now through faſhion unfrequented,
What ſhould by mortals be abhorr'd,
If ere they hope to ſee the Lord;
Theſe two things when together join'd,
A *Genius* they will ſurely find,
Who'e'er this *Rebus* nicely ſcans,
The dread of players and the *Clans*.

Another.

If a fam'd *Actor*'s name you can luckily hit on,
'Twill diſcover the author who writes the *North Briton*.

The

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH,

A NEW SONG.

Humbly ſubmitted to the Approbation of the Public, in Commemoration of the *great* and *glorious* PEACE in 1763.

To the Tune of, *There was an old Woman at* Grimſtead,

I Prithee, good Sir,
Do not make all this ſtir,
This Peace ſhall be never forgotten,
An Arch we'll erect,
Shall command it Reſpect,
When the Peace and Peace-makers are rotten.

This Arch to deſign,
O *Mylne*, ſhall be thine,
Great Projector of Bridges and Arches,
That each *Scotchman* may ſtare,
At a Building ſo rare,
As from *Tweed* to St. *James*'s he marches.

This Arch to adorn,
Needs no Plenty's Horn,
For Plenty's an old-faſhion'd Dowdy;
But let *Scotia* beſtow,
On her Vot'ries below,
Rich Haggiſt, Sheeps Heads, aye and Crowdy.

Let

Let not Glory or Fame,
Once the *Engliſhman*'s Claim,
Be in any Shape carved upon't,
But let Countries reſtor'd,
Nobly won by the Sword,
Be ſcatter'd all over the Front.

On the Sides of this Pile,
For an elegant Style,
Let the *Eaſt* and *Weſt Indies* diſplay;
That theſe both were our own,
'Tis very well known,
And 'tis known too, we gave 'em away.

The Inſcription ſo rare,
Let *Mallet* declare,
In Language heroic and clever,
What Good from it flows,
He beſt of all knows,
For he tells us 'twill laſt too for ever.

And tho' War ſhould next Year
Burſt forth, never fear,
'Bout that tho' ſome Fools make a pother;
For here lies the Joke,
If this Peace ſhould be broke,
This Arch it will ſerve for another.

May *George* flouriſh long,
May his Power be ſtrong,
May the Love of his People increaſe,
But the Devil confound,
The Peace-makers all round,
The *Scotchman*, his Grace, and the P——.

THE MASQUERADE;

OR, POLITICAL BAG-PIPER.

A new comic SONG, *in the* Scotch *Taſte.*

To the Tune of, *The Flowers of Edinburgh.*

Qui capit, ille facit.

BRA' *John o'Boot* was a bonny muckle mon,
Fra' *Scotland* he came wi' his broad-ſword in his hand,
He came at the Head of a bra' bonny clan,
Who the de'el cou'd his muckle *muckle ſuit* withſtand?
He looked ſo neat,
And he kiſſed ſo ſweet,
That a *Dame of Renown* ſoon gave ear to his ſuit;
Then his *Pipe* he lugg'd out,
And ye need not to doubt,
But in concert he play'd — with her *German Flute.*

Quoth he, bonny laſſie, your *Flute* gangs weel,
And keeps gude time wi' my *Bagpipe* clear;
Sic muſic as this is, can ſurely never fail,
In time to accord with an *Engliſh* ear;

For

For what muſic ſo ſweet,
Or what harmony compleat,
As the *Bagpipe* join'd with the *German Flute*?
Then turning up her eyes,
Strait the muckle dame replies,
" When the *Bagpipe*'s play'd by my *John o' Boot*."

Play away, bonny lad, I have good ſtore of gold,
Your *Bag* ſhall be full, while your *Pipe* it can play,
You ne'er ſhall return to a climate ſo cold,
For your kiſſes are warmer and ſweeter than *May*;
Quoth he, do not mourn,
For I ne'er will return,
While here I can taſte of the *Golden Fruit*:
Then his *Pipe* he eſſay'd,
And another *Lilt* he play'd,
In concert ſweet --- with her *German Flute*.

Away *Engliſh* fools, ye no more ſhall pretend,
In muſic to vie with a bonny *Highland* mon;
No more ſhall the laſſes of *England* commend,
The fam'd *Iriſh Jigg*, when compar'd to my *John*;
For a quick merry ſtrain,
That enlivens each vein,
Who the De'el with a *Scotſman* ſhall e'er diſpute?
But his *Bagpipe* alone,
Has too much of the drone,
And of need muſt be join'd with my *German Flute*.

Come on, bonny lads, then with pleaſure advance,
Your poor empty ſcrips and your wallets diſown,

John

John o'Boot bears the bell, ſir, and leads up the dance,
In the *Grand Maſquerade* at the *Thiſtle* and *Crown*;
There ſweetmeats and wine,
Shall intreat you to dine;
Your hunger aſſwage, and your ſpirits recruit,
While more ſoft to the ear,
Hark! the *Bagpipe* ſo clear,
In concert reſounds with the *German Flute*.

A fine *Engliſh Fiddle* accords to the ſtrain,
A *better* ſure nev:r was *play'd* on before;
The *French-horn* [illegible] a diſtance, would join it amain,
And the *Sp[illegible]n Guittar* play an overture in ſcore;
But woe to the land,
If they join in the band,
Soon the *Fiddle* would be broke, and the *Fiddleſtick* to boot,
For an *Engliſhman* born,
Should deſpiſe a *French-horn*,
Though his ear may be tickled by a *German Flute*.

The Proprietors of this Work beg Leave to return their ſincere Thanks to the Gentleman who ſent them the extempore *Lines on Mr.* Churchill's *Epiſtle to Mr.* Hogarth, *and the two following original Pieces, and will be much obliged to him or any other, who ſhall kindly condeſcend to favour them with their future Correſpondence.*

D---n---e's new wrefted wand
From a truly patriot hand;
Add a valiant Un--le's chawdron
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.
All Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubb'e.
1ſt C. Cool it with N---c---le's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.
All Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Enter Hecate.

Oh! well done! I commend your toil,
And ev'ry one ſhall ſhare i'th ſpoil;
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like prudent courtiers in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
(The following incantation is to be ſung, accompanied by bagpipes, and the chorus by all the conjurors, principal and inferior)
1ſt C. Rich courtiers and poor,
Old courtiers and new,
Mingle, mingle, mingle.
Hec. Oh! I ſee but few!—
Chor. Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Oh! we ſee but few!—
Hec. Oh, give us pow'r
To ſend to the T---r
Ev'ry writer,
Or inditer,
And keep him there,
Till he deſpair,
Or elſe ſubmit
As we think fit.

Chor. Round, around, around, around, about
All ill come running in, all good keep out.
1ſt C. Here's W.—m's fat.
Hec. Oh! put in that.
Oh! put in that.
2d C. Here's Gr—th—m's brain.
Hec. Put in a grain.
3d C. Here's S—d's gall,
And T—n—nd's humour,
Adding weight to factious humour;
To add to theſe and make the charm moſt fit,
Lo! here's the *pickled* tongue of patriot P—t.
Chor. Round, around, around, around about,
All ill come running in, all good keep out.
Hec. By the itching of my bum,
A Scotſman ſure ſhould this way come;
Open locks,
Whoever knocks,

Enter Macboote.

Mac. How now, ye ſtupid, ſad, and ſervile loons,
What is't ye do?
All A deed that *wants* a name.
Mac. I conjure ye by that which ye profeſs,
I care not whence ye know it; anſwer me,
Tho' ye unmaſk the ſtate, and let it fight
Againſt the nation, — though the greedy cits
Monopolize all traffic to themſelves,
Tho' orchards be deſtroy'd, and trees cut down,
Tho' palaces, and their inhabitants,
Do ſtoop ev'n to the ground, and the welfare
Of Br—n's children crumble all together,
Ev'n till the iſland ſicken. — Anſwer me,
To what I aſk you! —

1ſt C.

1ſt C. Speak.
2d C. Demand.
3d C. We'll anſwer.
1ſt C. Say if th'hadſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſter?
Mac. Call him; let me ſee him,
1ſt C. Pour in milk that ſhe aſs carries,
Simple, ſoft, as giv'n in Paris
To Engliſhmen,
All Come high or low;
Thyſelf and office deftly ſhew.
Sign of the B---d-Head *riſes.*
Mac. Tell me, thou empty ſcull,
1ſt C. He ſmells thy thought,
Hear his ſpeech, and ſay thou nought.
Head Macboote, Macboote, Macboote, of W--kes beware,
Avoiding him, nought elſe is worth thy care.
Mac. Oh head---moſt noble head! I give thee thanks,
Thou'ſt prob'd my fears to the quick; one word more,
2d C. He's an em---ſſ---r and cannot ſtay,
But here's his ſe------ry not wiſer
Than his maſter.
(Shade of a powdered Se------ry riſes)
Sec. Macboote! Macboote! Macboote!
Mac. Had I three ears I'd hear thee. ----
Sec. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute, laugh to ſcorn
The pen of W--kes --- nought but a gibbet ſhun
That fatal end, from which myſelf did run,
When Wood's do move, before thy fate's begun.
Mac. Then write on W--kes, what need I fear of thee,
Since noble by deſcent, I ne'er ſhall die
Upon a common gibbet, ſo --- to Paris --- hye!

Sec. Good by'e. *(Sinks in a great hurry)*

(Apparition of a baſtard child riſes, with a bonnet on his head, and a bonnack in his hand.)

Mac. What is this
That riſes like the iſſue of a *Scot*,
And carries in his baby hand a cake
Of Barley meal?

All Liſten, but ſpeak not.

Sc. Ch. Be proud and inſolent, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or who conſpirers are;
Macboote a happy m--n--r ſhall be
Till freedom ſpring from loſs of liberty,
And till profuſeneſs be *œconomy*.--

Mac. That ne'er ſhall be.
Who can unite abſurdity in terms?
Can freedom ſpring from loſs of liberty?
Or can my fav'rite term *œconomy*
Be call'd profuſion? Oh! *ſweet bairn*, I thank thee
And yet my heart longs to know more, ----- pray tell me,
If you can tell, --- ſhall Jacob's iſſue never
Mount a throne again?

All Seek to know no more!

Mac. I will be ſatisfied --- deny me this,
And I will *out ye all* --- ungrateful ſlaves.
Why do ye hang your heads? What noiſe is this?

1ſt C. Shew! *(More hideous groans than before)*

2d C. Shew!

3d C. Shew!

All Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart!
Like ſhadows come and ſo depart.

(Eight m-mb-rs appear and paſs through the apartment--- W--kes the laſt, with a paper in his hand, inſcribed M-g-a Ch-r-a. *Mac.*

Mac. Thou art like the ſpirit of impeachment.
Thy ſcream doth crack my ear-ſtrings, and thy yell,
Thou other legiſlative fiend like his —
Another is like the former — *blundering boobies.*
Why do ye ſhew me this? a fourth? — more yelling.
What! will their clamours break the drum o'th' ears?
Another yet? a ſeventh! — I'll ſee no more —
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a parchment
That bodes me many fears, — nay, now 'tis true,
For W—kes in *M-g-a Ch-r-a* arm'd, grins at me,
And points at them for his — What! is this ſo?
1ſt C. Ay, ſir, it muſt be ſo — but why
Stands Macboote amazedly?
Come, brothers, let us chear our hearts,
T'enable us to bear our parts
I'th' plot — we, nor can make, nor marr it,
So, madam, pray let's have ſome claret
That this great lord may have to ſay,
His miſtreſs did his welcome pay.
Exit Hecate to order a bottle of wine.

Philip, a very inferior conjuror enters in a great hurry.

Mac. Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue, thy ſtory quickly.
Philip My gracious lord, I would report that which
I ſay I know, but know not how to do't.
Mac. Well, try ſir!
Philip As I ſate within my deſk

And

[*To be continued to* No. V.]

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE PRESS.

By CHARLES ALEXANDER CHURCHILL.

Under the Government of a STUART, *which has been ſo fatal to England, the moſt daring Encroachments have been made on the favourite* Liberties *of the* People, *and the* Freedom *of the* Preſs *has been openly violated.*

North Briton No. 1.

WHen baſe attempts are form'd to cruſh the *Preſs*
Be ſure our *Liberties* are in diſtreſs;
When blund'ring Stateſmen ſtrive to overthrow,
That Reſervoir from whence thoſe bleſſings flow;
That boldly checks the manners of the age,
The State, the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Stage;
Severely laſhes all, and never fears
Ev'n Kings themſelves when Tyranny appears:
Then, *Britons*, then 'tis time to break the chain,
And once more ſtrive your Freedom to regain,
Aſſert the *Priviledge* your Fathers gave,
Nor ſtoop to wear the badge that marks the ſlave.
Boaſt, happy *Albion!* who with tranſport ſees
Juſtice and *Virtue* guide the *Common Pleas*;
Sees *Glynn* and *Reaſon* pleading by his ſide,
And wiſely triumph o'er loud *N*——*n*'s pride.
Not all the helliſh arts that now controul,
With rapid fury *B*——*e*'s rapacious ſoul,
Can e'er the *Rights* of free-born *Britons* ſhake,
While *Pratt* ſhall judge what *Wilkes* dare undertake.

The GRUMBLERS of *Great-Britain.*

By a GRUMBLETONIAN.

Tune, *The Roaſt Beef of England.*

GOOD People attend (if you can but ſpare time)
To a grumbling Poet, who grumbles in Rhyme,
To ſit down in Silence — is now deem'd a Crime.
O the rum Grumblers of England!
And O the Old Engliſh Grumblers!

When St—f—n miſcarry, and Things go awry,
The Coffee-Houſe Grumblers their Rancour let fly,
And ſnarl, ſnap, and worry — yet know not for why.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Muckle Glee fills the heart of brave *Sawney* the *Scot*,
Becauſe he has ſlily the upper Hand got,
The *Engliſhman* grumbles — becauſe he has not.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Some *Grumblers* poſſeſs'd of more Money than Senſe,
Complain of the Land-Tax, the War and Expence,
That *Conqueſt brings ruin* — they plead for Defence.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

The poor People grumble about the ſtrong Beer,
Our Soldiers and Sailors too grumble for Fear,
Of loſing the *Dollars* — they hope to bring here.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

The

The *Pittamites* grumble at *Hogarth's* new Print,
With Countenance crabbed, they juſt take a Squint,
And ſwear from * *John Bull* — he has pilfer'd the Hint.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Old *Formal* exclaims thus againſt the Q—n's A—,
"What pity the Author unpuniſh'd ſhould paſs?"
"Let them grumble, cries *Hal* — while I add to the
"Maſs."
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Thus grumbling and growling from Morning till Night
The Nation remains in a terrible Plight;
For Grumbling will never — ſet Matters to right.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Then let us not into ſuch ſtrange Madneſs fall,
And loudly for *Peace*, and no *Peace* rave and bawl;
But pray for a good one — or elſe none at all.
O the rum Grumblers of England!
And O ye Old Engliſh Grumblers!

* *John Bull's* Houſe in Flames.

☞ *The Song intitled a* New humorous Medley, *and to which the Plate in this Number belongs, being omitted for want of Room, ſhall be inſerted in the next Number.*

And look'd toward G——e-Street; anon me-
thought
A *Wood* began to move.

2d C. Liar! and ſlave!

Phil. Let me be turn'd adrift if't be not ſo
Look out at window, you may ſee him going
I ſay a moving *Wood!*

3d C. Moving indeed!

(ſtepping to the window, and looking out)

Enter a Doctor.

Mac. How do'ſt thou, good *Bardanus?*

Bard. All is confirm'd, my lord, that was reported.

Mac. Send out more courtiers, ſcour the palace round,
Hang thoſe that ſpeak of W--kes, give me ſome
whiſky.
How do your patients, doctor?

Doct. My ſweet lord,
They're dying faſt, in ſpite of all my Balſam.

Mac. Throw Balſam to the dogs — I'll none on't.
Heeate, my ſweet! — Doctor, the mob inſults
me. —
Hecate, I ſay, — if thou could'ſt doctor purge
The humours of this W--kes — abate his pride,
And humble him to take a penſion from me,
I would applaud thee to the very *ſtatue*
That ſhou'd applaud again. ——

Doct. I cannot, good my lord.

Mac. Take thy face hence! *(Exit doctor with a low bow)*
I have reign'd long enough — my way of life
Is fall'n into reproach and infamy, —
And that which ſhould attend on reſignation
As praiſe, and gratitude, and troops of friends,

I muſt not look to have -- but in their ſtead
Curſes both loud and deep --- Oh, Hecate come!
Thy faithful *Scumey* ſave, whoſe life --- whoſe
ſoul
Are truly thine!

Enter Hecate.

Hec. Come then, my gallant ſwain,
Since fate no longer will propitious prove
To all I venerate and all I love,
With gentle action, mount the Beezum ſtrait,
And I'll convey you ſafe to Harrowgate.

(Macboote mounts the Beezum.)

Both Farewell, thou town ungrateful and uncivil;
Farewell, thou London, dwelling of the devil.

(Both fly off.)

A hideous noiſe of yells, cries, and groans, which ſeem leſſens, and is ſucceeded by violent acclamations of

LIBERTY, PROPERTY, *and* NO EXCISE

At which all the conjurors hang their heads and ſneak off.

God bleſs KING GEORGE.

A New

A

NEW HUMOROUS MEDLEY,

As it was performed

On the Evening after the *Proclamation of Peace*,

At *SAWNEY MAC STEWART's*,

The THISTLE and CROWN in *Great-Britain*.

Adapted to proper Tunes,

In the *Engliſh*, *Iriſh*, *Welch* and *Scotch* Taſte,

Inſcribed to all true Lovers of OLD ENGLAND.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS on that memorable Day,
When through the Streets with loud Huzza!
The Mob impatient run;
To hear that War was o'er,
That Conqueſt now had done,
And Peace ſhould bleſs our Shore:
O'er the full Bowl,
To crown the whole,
On ſuch a great Occaſion,
Paddy and *Sawney*, *Taff* and *Will*,

As

As round the Punch they fill,
Wou'd toaſt the Patriot of his Nation:
But all-ſufficient *Sawney* firſt began
To ope the Ball, and *John o' Boot* his Man.

AIR. (*The Flowers of* Edinburgh.)

Of all the Worthies Fame can boaſt,
Diſtinguiſh'd great above the reſt,
There's *John o' Boot* ſhall be the Toaſt:
Each Virtue ſhines in him conteſt;
The War or the Peace
He conducts with ſuch Eaſe,
And this there's none will dare diſpute:
For tho' ſome will prate,
Yet the Helm of the State
There's none can ſteer like my *John o' Boot*.

RECITATIVE.

His Pipe in Anger *Taffy* threw away,
And for Sir *Watkin* chaunts the guttural Lay.

AIR. (*It was at* Llantavre.)

Your praſe *John o' Boot*, Cot ſplutter o' nails, Sir,
Was an Aſs when compar'd to Sir *Watkin* of *Wales*, Sir
He was creat, he was coot, he was wiſe, he was praſe, Sir,
While *Boot* is no more than a dignify'd K—— Sir.
Of noble Sir *Watkin* for ever I'll ſing,
His Fame ſhall for ever throughout the World ring,
He was Noble and Falliant, and Creat as a King;
Of noble Sir *Watkin* for ever I'll ſing.

RECITATIVE.

Next *Paddy* 'roſe, his Patriot to defend,
And thus he calls the Champions to attend.

AIR. *(St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.)*

By my Shoul, my dear Honeys, but you are miſtaken,
Neither *Watkin* or *Boot*, Sir, are nothing at all,
When *Carteret* is mention'd, beware of your Bacon,
He'll cut you all up from the great to the ſmall.
Then make no more bother about this or that, Sir,
His Fame is ſuperior to all I declare;
And tho' in your Friend's Praiſe you ſpake very pat, Sir,
It ſignifies nought, by Shaint *Patrick* I ſwear.

RECITATIVE.

Thus when each Man had ſpoke his Mind,
Will Engliſh roſe to ſpeak inclin'd,
With manly Air, and with a chearful Voice,
While PITT the noble Subject of his Choice.

AIR. *(Which no Body can deny.)*

Sir *Watkin* and *Carteret* were very good Men,
And *Boot* is what ev'ry one ſees very plain,
But *Pitt* is the greateſt I'll take one to ten.
Which no Body can deny, &c.

When

When bungling Fools seiz'd the Reins of the State,
And the Nation was sunk at a desperate Rate,
He came like a God, and averted our Fate.
Which no Body can deny, &c.

Ye Friends to *Old England* with me now rejoice,
In Chorus assist with your Hearts, Hands and Voice,
For *Pitt* should be every *Englishman's* Choice.
Which no Body can deny, &c.

SOLUTIONS to the Two *Rebusses*, in No. III. *By a* LADY.

A female Vot'ry of *Phabus*,
Here sends an Answer to each *Rebus*.
Though some to *Church* do never fly,
Pray what is that to you or I?
Let us keep clear of doing *Ill*,
We need not dread great *Church-ill's* Quill,
Nor stand in Fear of Men in Power,
Tho' sent, like *Wilkes*, unto the *Tower*.

AN

An EPIGRAM.

Signed *Veritas*.

WHILE *Britons* are tafting the Bleſſings of *Peace*,
And *Scotchmen*, *Exciſemen*, and *Taxes* increaſe,
Our Soldiers and Tars, whom no Nation can match,
Are all turn'd adrift to make work for *Jack Catch*.
Rude *Faction* too ſtalking wide thro' ev'ry Place,
And *Wilkes* is reſolving the *Jack Boot* to trace.
Our good Friends the *French*, in their *Faith* never ſteady,
Are ſhamefully breaking the *Treaty* already;
Equipping their Armies and Fleets with our Men,
In Hopes to fall foul of *Old England* again;
But if ſome Folks are blind, and good Council deſpiſe,
Send the *Chevalier Taylor* to open their Eyes.

The

The SCOTCH YOKE,

OR,

ENGLISH RESENTMENT;

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of, *The Queen's Aſs.*

OF *Freedom* no longer let *Engliſhmen* boaſt,
Nor *Liberty* more be their favourite Toaſt;
The Hydra *Oppreſſion*, your Charter deſies,
And galls *Engliſh* Necks with the *Yoke* of *Exciſe*,
The Yoke *of* Exciſe, *the* Yoke *of* Exciſe,
And galls Engliſh *Necks, with the* Yoke *of* Exciſe.

In vain have you conquer'd, my brave Hearts of Oak,
Your *Lawrels*, your *Conqueſts*, are all but a *Joke*;
Let a r--ſ--ly *Peace* ſerve to open your Eyes,
And the d-n-ble Scheme of a *Cyder-Exciſe*,
A Cyder-Exciſe, *a* Cyder-Exciſe,
And the d-n-ble Scheme of a Cyder-Exciſe.

What

The Remainder of this Song, with thoſe of the Tyburn Interview, *and* Exciſe Alamode, *will be inſerted in the next Number.*

What though on your *Porter* a Duty was laid,
Your *Light* double-tax'd, and encroach'd on your Trade,
Who e'er could have thought that a *Briton* so wise,
Would admit such a *Tax* as the *Cyder-Exciſe*.
The Cyder-Exciſe, &c.

I appeal to the *Fox*, or his Friend *John a' Boot*,
If tax'd thus the *Juice*, then how ſoon may the *Fruit*
Adieu then to good *Apple-puddings* and *Pyes*,
If e'er they ſhould taſte of a curſed *Exciſe*.
A curſed Exciſe, &c.

Let thoſe at the H——m, who have fought to enſlave
A Nation ſo glorious, a People ſo brave;
At once be convinc'd that their Scheme you deſpiſe,
And ſhed your laſt Blood to oppoſe their *Exciſe*.
Oppoſe their Exciſe, &c.

Come on then my Lads, who have fought and have bled
A *Tax* may, perhaps, ſoon be laid on your *Bread*;
Ye Natives of *Worceſter* and *Devon* ariſe,
And *ſtrike* at the *Root* of the *Cyder-Exciſe*.
The Cyder-Exciſe, &c.

No longer let K——s at the H——m of the St——e,
With fleecing and grinding purſue *Britain*'s Fate;
Let Power no longer your Wiſhes diſguiſe,
But *off* with their Heads —— by the Way of *Exciſe*.
The Way of Exciſe, &c.

From two *Latin* Words, *ex* and *ſcindo*, I ween,
Came the hard Word EXCISE, which *to cut off* does mean;
Take the Hint then, my Lads, let your *Freedom* adviſe
And give them a *Taſte* of their *ſavorin Exciſe*.
Their fav'rite Exciſe, &c.

Then toſs off your Bumpers my Lads, while you may,
To PITT and Lord TEMPLE, huzza, Boys, huzza!
Here's the King that to tax his poor Subjects denies,
But pox o' the *Schemer* that plann'd the *Exciſe*.
That plann'd the Exciſe, that plann'd the Exciſe,
But pox o' the Schemer *that plann'd the* Exciſe.

THE
TYBURN-INTERVIEW,
A NEW SONG.

By a Cyder-Merchant *of* South-Ham, Devonſhire.

Dedicated to *JACK KETCH.*

To the Tune, A Cobler there was, &c.

AS *Saunny* from *Tweed* was a trudging to Town,
To reſt his tir'd Limbs on the Graſs he ſat down
When growſing his Oatmeal, he turn'd up his Eyes,
And kenn'd a ſtrange Pile on three Pillars ariſe.
Derry down, &c.

Amaz'd he ſtarts up, "Thou Thing of odd Form,
That ſtand'ſt here defying each turbulent Storm;
What art thou? Thy Office declare at my Word,
Or thou ſhalt not eſcape this ſtrong Arm and broad Sword."

Derry down, &c.

Quoth the Structure, "Altho' I'm not known unto thee,
Thy Countrymens Lives have been ſhorten'd by me;
To ſtrike thee at once, know that *Tyburn's* my Name,
In *Scotland*, no Doubt, you have heard of my Fame.

Derry down, &c.

When arm'd all rebellious, like Vultures you roſe,
A Set of ſuch Shabrags you frighten'd the Crows;
To rid the tir'd Land of ſuch Vermin as you,
I groan'd with receiving but barely my Due.

Derry down, &c.

And ſtill I'm in Hopes of another to come,
For *Tyburn* will certain at laſt be his Home;
He'll come from the Summit of Honour's vaſt Height,
With a Star and a Garter to dubb me a Knight."

Derry down, &c.

His Paſſion now *Sawney* no more could contain,
"My Sword ſhall now prove all thy Hopes are in "vain;"
So ſaying, he brandiſh'd it high in the Air,
When ſtrait a *Scotch* Voice cry'd out --- *Sawney* forbear.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

The

The Phantom that ſpoke now appear'd in a Trice,
And to the ſcar'd *Scotſman* thus gave his Advice:
" Calm thy Breaſt that now boils with Vexation and Rage,
And let what I ſpeak thy Attention engage.
Derry down, &c.

No longer with Fury purſue this old Tree,
His Back ſhall bear Vengeance for you and for me;
For know, my dear Friend, the Time is at Hand,
When with *Engliſhmen Tyburn* ſhall thin half the Land,
Derry down, &c.

The Caſe is revers'd by a good Friend of ours,
All Treaſon is *Engliſh*, and Loyalty yours:
Poſts, Honour, and Profit, all *Scotſmen* await,
While the Natives ſhall tremble, and curſe their hard Fate.
Derry down, &c.

The War is no more, and each Soldier and Tar,
The Strength and the Bulwark of *England* in War,
Are coming to prove our Friend's deep Penetration,
As the firſt Sacrifice to our *Scotch Exaltation*."
Derry down, &c.

Here ended the Phantom, and ſunk in the Ground,
While the blue Flames of Hell glar'd terrible round;
When for *London* young *Sawney* around turn'd his Eyes,
Where he march'd for a Place in the *new-rais'd* EXCISE.
Derry down, &c.

Ye national Schemers, come tell me, I pray,
Your Intention in this, *To bring more Scotch in play!*
For this muſt the Tax be enforc'd with all Speed,
For Thouſands are coming between *here* and *Tweed*.
Derry down, &c.

Ah! hapleſs *Old England*, no longer be merry,
Since *B---* has thus tax'd your Beer, Cyder and Perry
Look ſullen and ſad, for now this is done,
No Doubt, in ſhort Time, they'll tax *Laughing* and *Fun*.
Derry down, &c.

Yet let the proud Laird who preſides at the Helm,
Extend his Exciſe to each Thing in the Realm:
A Tax on *Spring-Water* I think would be right,
For *Water*, 'tis known, is as common as *Light*.
Derry down, &c.

Meat, *Butter*, and *Cheeſe*, "By my Saul that will do!
'Twill affect all the *Land*, and bring *Money* in too;"
Proceed, my good Laird, may the *H--l--r* or *A--e*,
Reward you for laying each *infamous* T--x.
Derry down, &c.

An EPIGRAM.

Written EXTEMPORE,

By CHARLES ALEXANDER CHURCHILL.

See the Plate.

This is the Houſe *that* JACK *built.*

Children's Play.

AS I paſs'd by the Quagmire near *Berkley-Square*,
I beheld ſuch a Sight as oblig'd me to ſtare;
The Sons of cold *Hebron* with Trowel and Hodd,
Were raiſing a Temple to GISBAL their *God*.
Engliſh Bricks on each other were laying by Scores,
All ſtrongly cemented with *French Louis-d'Ores*.
Unhappy *Britannia!* this grand ſtately Roof
Of *Bondage* to come is a too glaring Proof;
In Time then awake, and inſtead of a Palace,
To the Joy of *Old England*, erect him a *Gallows*.

EXCISE

To the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London; *to the* Glorious Oppoſition; *and to the Authors of the* North Briton, *this Piece is humbly inſcribed.*

EXCISE A LA MODE,

OR,

SAWNEY's OECONOMY;

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of, *The Old Woman of Grimſtone.*

ALL the Friends of the Land, who Corruption withſtand,
The Muſe *patriotic* muſt prize;
Let Reſentment be ſhewn, from the Cot to the Throne,
For this curſed new TAX, the --- *Exciſe*.
Tol de rol, &c.

Britannia, we fear, won't on ſudden ſee clear,
B— has thrown his Scots Snuff in her Eyes;
But, Oh PITT! lend your Aid, take the *Chevalier's* Trade,
And *couch* 'till ſhe *ſee* this --- *Exciſe*.
Tol de rol, &c.

Tho' thou *Pitt*, had'ſt a Hand in protecting the land,
They ſay SAWNEY the Schemes did deviſe;
So ſubmit to his Will, he'll a Victor be ſtill,
And conquer *Us* all by — *Exciſe*.
Tol de rol, &c.

What a kind Undertaker! How good a Peace-Maker
Such *Miniſters* charm our Allies;
When we beat *France* and *Spain*, he gave all back a-
gain,
And extended to *Us* — the *Exciſe*.
Tol de rol, &c.

In a Country like *his*, where the Body and Phiz,
Are cover'd with Rags and with Lice;
Were he there made a King, tho' He's now near the
Thing,
Wou'd he ever have thought on — *Exciſe*?
Tol de rol, &c.

Tax our *Cyder* and *Perry*, which oft make us merry!
The *Gazette* before has told Lies;
No, my worthy L— *B*—; never heard of the Fruit,
Till he came here — ſo damn the *Exciſe*.
Tol de rol, &c.

Tho' too bright in the *North*, late the Sun has ſhone
forth,
Yet murmur not at it, ye *Wiſe!* For

[*To be continued to* No. VII.]

The Song to the Plate of the Scotch Ovation *will be inſerted in* Number VII.

For Aſtronomers ſay there will ſoon come a Day,
For its total *Eclipſe* in — *Exciſe*,
Tol de rol, &c.

Did we e'er know a Word that ſo worthy a L——
Wou'd from *Scotia*'s poor Province ariſe?
But proceed, noble PEER, *Tax* on *Tax* lay on here,
'Till you've nought but the ITCH to — *Exciſe*,
Tol de rol, &c.

THE
SCOTCH OVATION.
OR,
JOHNNY BOOT's Triumphal Entry
Into the City of *Gutland*.

Tune, Hearts of Oak. *See the Plate* in No VI.

JOHNNY BOOT.

COME haſten, my Lads, 'tis to *Guildhall* we ſteer,
Where we ſhall partake of his Lordſhip's good Cheer,
To cram all our Wems with Beef, Turtle, and Pies:
A Sight which at C—— never bleſt mortal Eyes!

Hearts of Steel are my Men,
Ever ſure are their Blows;
My Car cloſely follow,
Hollo, Boys, hollo,
We'll plump every one who my Meaſures oppoſe.

II. *Clout-Arſe.*

Thus arm'd with my Pot-lid and Spit, I look big;
A Porridge-pot Helmet, and Clout for my Wig;
Like *Clytus* of old, I will ſtand by my Friend,
And baſte thoſe who boldly for War ſhall contend.
Hearts of Steel are our Men,
Ever ſure are their Blows;
Our Car cloſely follow,
Hollo, Boys, hollo,
We'll plump every one who our Meaſures oppoſe.

III. *The Bruiſers.*

We'll darken their Day-lights, and drive all before;
Men, Women, and Children ſhall mob it no more:
In Triumph his Lordſhip we'll bear to the Hall,
To honour the Table, in ſpite of ye all.
Hearts of Steel we poſſeſs,
Ever ſure are our Blows;
The Car cloſely follow,
Hollo, Boys, hollo,
We'll plump every one who our Meaſures oppoſe.

IV. *Scotchman.*

Here Plenty, Friend *Donald*, ſhall hold out her Hond,
A Favour ne'er granted in aw Scotland;

And

And each bonny Gueſt, too, may eat till he burſt,
For he gets the moſt, by my Saul, who gets firſt.
Then in Time let us gang,
For my Wem empty grows;
The Car cloſely follow,
Hollo, Boys, hollo,
We'll plump every one who our Meaſures oppoſe.

V. *Welſhman.*

Py Cot, cries prave Shinkin, 'tis tamnable ſhame
For *Scotchmen* to govern---ſome Folk are to blame---
If you look in te Annals of Pritain, you'll find,
Tat te Welch have in Glory, and Fame moſtly ſhin'd.
Heart of Oak we poſſeſs,
Ever ſure are our Blows:
We always are ready,
Steady, Boys, ſteady,
Like bold ancient Pritons their Meaſures oppoſe.

VI. *Iriſhman.*

Devil burn me, cries Paddy, but 'tis a droll ſight
To ſee *London* Stones grown ſo very polite;
At his Lordſhip's Approach how like Courtiers they riſe,
To pay their Reſpects to a *Ruler* ſo wiſe!
Hearts of Steel are his Men,
Ever ſure are their Blows;
The Car cloſely follow,
Hollo, Boys, hollo,
They plump every one who their Meaſures oppoſe.

VII. *Sailor.*

VII. *Sailor.*

Huzza, Brother Tars, cries out brave Sailor Jack,
Let's down with their Hatchets, and trim the whole Pack;
At the Helm once again, let *Pitt* only guide,
And I warrant the Ship will in Port safely ride.
Hearts of Oak are our Ships,
Hearts of Oak are our Men,
We always are ready,
Steady, Boys, steady,
Like Britons we'll fight, and we'll conquer again.

An ACROSTICK.

By CHARLES ALEXANDER CHURCHILL.

B y Virtue nurs'd, to Liberty a Friend,
E ver his Country ready to defend,
C ourts ne'er frequents, abhors the Knaves within,
K nows no Deceit, holds Bribery a Sin;
F oes to those Measures honest Men despise,
O *ppression, Scotchmen, Warrants,* and *Excise.*
R evere his Name, till *Time* no more takes Flight,
D rops his slow Sand, and bids the World good-night.

The

The GALLANTE SHEW.

Tune. A very pretty Fancy, a fine Gallante Shew.

COME de firſt Ting dat you ſee is de proclamation
of King George de Tird,
Amid ten thouſand of his loving Subjects, a very
fine Sight upon my Word:
Dere you ſee de fine Fireworks and Bonfires, and
hear de bells to ring,
At de Acceſſion of a great, a good, a wiſe, and an
Engliſh King.
All ſo natural as de Life.

De next ting dat you ſee is his Grandfader wiſe counſellors all about,
But he ſay. begar you vil no do for me, ſo he turn dem all out:
Dere you ſee the great Mr. Pitt turn out for de Jack Boot,
Vich put all de nation in a very great Paſſion, without Diſpute.
All ſo natural as de Life.

Dere you ſee de young Man have more Oeconomy den his Grandfader,
By having no Wine in his Cellar, and no Mutin in his Larder:
Dere you ſee all de Servants of de good old King
Turn'd off, or put to Board-wages, a very good ting.
All ſo natural as de Life

Now you ſee de new Queen Charlotte, all ſo grand
and ſo fine,
Come here to bring us Heirs of de great Brunſwic
line:
And now you ſee dat Sight of all Sights, de Coro-
nation,
Vich is allowed to be de fineſt ever known in dis
Nation, *All ſo natural as de Life.*

De next Ting dat you ſee is de City of London's
fine Shew,
To vich de King and de Queen, and all the Royal
Family do go:
Dere you ſee de fine Flags, and de Man in Armour
ride,
So fine a Sight, begar, no City ſhews beſide.
All ſo natural as de Life.

Dere you ſee the great Mr. Pitt vid oder Patriots by
his Side,
Amid de Huzza of de People triumphant ride;
Now you ſee dem all at Dinner in de *Guildhall*,
With ev'ry Ting dat is nice, to ſuit both great and
ſmall. *All ſo natural as de Life.*

De next Ting you ſee de young Prince of Wales, a
ve.y fine Boy,
Dis no doubt give de People very great Joy;
Dere you ſee de Wine and Cakes given away on the
Occaſſion,
As a very great Proof of de Scotch Oeconomy in dis
frugal Nation *All ſo natural as de Life.*

Now

Now you ſee the Jack Boot exalted to ſuch a Pitch,
Dat de Nation be all in a very great Fright for
fear dey ſhould get de Itch :
Dere you ſee de great Mr. Wilkes put de Pen to Paper,
And write a North Briton, wich put de Boot in de
Vapour. *All ſo natural as de Life.*

De next Ting you ſee de Jack Boot bring about de
Peace.
Dat de French may have Time to recruit, and taxes
at home may encreaſe ;
Dere you ſee in de Preliminary Articles all our
Conqueſts reſtor'd ;
A very fine *Peace* of Work upon my Word.
All ſo natural as de Life.

And you ſee de Proclamation of de Peace, and de
End of War,
So glorious a Sight, it made ev'ry Body to ſtare ;
Dere you ſee de Tallow-chandlers all very ſad on
dat Night,
Becauſe de People's Joy make forget to put out de
Light.
All ſo natural as de Life.

Dere you ſee as de firſt Fruits of dis fine Peace ariſe,
A trible Monſter, vich is called a Cyder Exciſe.
Dere you ſee de Countrymen, take in dere Hand de
ax,
To cut down dere Apple Trees, rather than pay de
Tax.
All ſo natural as de Life.

Now

Now you ſee all de Nation in ſuch a great Pother,
Dat de Jack Boot think fit to leave his Place to
ſome other,
Dere you ſee him behind the Curtain, make believe
he is gone,
But, 'tis very well known, all de while he prompts
dem ev'ry one.
All ſo natural as de Life.

De next Ting dat you ſee to give the People De-
light,
Is de Venetian Ambaſſadors Entry, a very fine
Sight;
Dere you ſee de grand Parade march all of a Row,
A very pretty Amuſement ev'ry Body muſt allow.
All ſo natural as de Life.

De next Ting you ſee a North Briton make thoſe ſo
mad in Power,
Dat dey break open Mr. Wilkes Houſe, and ſend
him to the Tower;
Dere you ſee Lord Temple, and many other great
Men,
Go to ſee him, but begar dey could not get in.
All ſo natural as de Life.

Dere you ſee amid de Huzza of de Great and the
Small,
He is carried before de Judges at Weſtminſter-Hall;
Dere you ſee de great Patriot undaunted ſtand,
And ſa he no care for any Scotch Raſcal in the
Land. *All ſo natural as de Life.*

Dere

[*To be continued in* Nnmb. VIII.]

Dere you ſee him remanded back again to the Tower,
To be confin'd (for what the Lord knows) three days more;
Dere you ſee him brought before dem again, and trow,
But becauſe dey did not know vat to do, dey let him go.

All ſo natural as de Life.

Now you ſee him at his own Houſe once more free,
While all de People cry'd out, Wilkes and Liberty:
De next Ting you ſee him take out ſeveral Actions
Againſt doſe who committed ſuch baſe Tranſactions.

All ſo natural as de Life.

De next Ting you ſee will be Hogarth publiſh de print,
But begar he forgot his own puggy Noſe, when he made him ſquint:
Dere you ſee Churchill write de ſatire Epiſtle,
Which make Hogarth ſo mad, he is ready to cut his Whiſtle.

All ſo natural as de Life.

De next Ting dat you ſee is anoder very fine Show,
De King goes to review his Troops all of a Row;
Dere you ſee Horſes prance, and hear de Cannon rattle,
To give you de Idea of a real Battle.

All ſo natural as de Life.

Dere you ſee General Ligonier, and de Marquis of
Granby,
With many other Generals as great as can be;
Dere you ſee dem ride along vid de King;
And now good People you have ſeen ev'ry Ting.
All ſo natural as de Life.

An exact Repreſentation of a certain wiſe BODY *without a* HEAD *in the* EAST, *going to pay a Viſit to a certain great* BODY *with a Head in the* WEST. *See Plate.*

TO pay a grand Viſit on Peace being made,
See the wiſe Men of Goatham in ſolemn Parade;
With Signs of their Trade marching on to the
P——,
Two by two, juſt like Criminals led to the Gallows.

Diſtillers and Grocers, Attorneys and Oilmen,
Amazing! that Gold ſhould thus ſhamefully ſpoil
Men,
Sir *Charles Locum Tenens*, that ſpruce gallant Man,
As proud of his Office, appears in the Van,

The Rear is brought up by the Knight of the Prim-
mer,
The Giants in Guildhall, by Jove, ne'er look'd
grimmer;
While Bow and St. Bridget, to ſhew Approbation,
Have muffled their Bells on the joyful Occaſion.

KAW

KAW JACK; have CANADA, Or the TOWER. *See Plate.*

B——E humbly intreats you will now condescend,
To tell at what Price he can make you his friend:
He only implores you'll lay down your Pen,
And say, on your honour, you'll not write again.

The Empire of Canada lies at your Feet,
To plunder and fleece —— what a delicate Treat!
But if a round Sum in the Dark you should like,
Not offensible now, that Bargain strike.

Asham'd of such Meanness, disdaining their Gold,
Wilkes answer'd thus, as I'm credibly told,
Avaunt, vile Corrupter, I'll take no such Thing;
I'll be true to old England, the Whigs and the King.

The OPPOSITION. *See the Plate.*

HEY day, my good Friend, what's this we see here,
A pulling and hawling the Devil knows where:
A Cart full of People, drawn by a strange Beast,
Of Size none the largest, nor none of the least.

Some say he's a Lion, and some say a Mule,
But most People say he's an obstinate Fool;
His Friends the left Road they wou'd him convey,
But Jockey will lead him a contrary Way.

Although from his Poſt he is now turn'd aſide,
He'll ſtill find the Means near the Brute to abide;
For all People know he has Cunning and Art,
To wheedle the Lion, or mute, on his Part,
But if this poor Brute had but Reaſon and Senſe,
He wou'd give him a Kick, and drive him from thence;
The People would hollo, and give a great Shout,
At laſt we've got rid of a dangerous B——t.

The SEIZURE. *See Plate.*

WITH greater Joy his L—— ſee,
Like Judas, hanging on a Tree;
And crafty Reynard's Exaltation,
For Services done to the Nation.

The String that ſhould his Body deck,
By Satan plac'd about his Neck;
With Acclamations rend the Skies,
God bleſs the *King*, but *No Exciſe*.

RESIGNATION. *See Plate.*

FAm'd Albion's Sons, behold a Sight,
Muſt give each loyal Heart Delight,
He who your *Magna Charta* ſold,
Old Nick at laſt has got in Hold.

And ſwears he'll ſend him with all Speed,
Acroſs the *Styx*, inſtead of *Tweed*,
While Madam's Tears too plainly tell,
She mourns his Loſs who *pip'd* ſo well.

EXPLANATION of the *Prints* contained in this Work

IT is needleſs to give an Explanation to the ſix firſt Plates, as each of them are annexed with Songs, which ſufficiently explain the Subjects to the Reader, we ſhall therefore give a conciſe Illuſtration of ſuch as are more intricate in Point of Meaning.

Sawney below Stairs.

What a Group of miniſterial Raſcals are here got together! and very happy for Old England would it be, if the Perſon introduced to them in the Print, inſtead of taking a Journey to Harrowgate, had really changed his Plan, and gone to H—ll gate.

John Bull's Kitchen Furniture ſelling by Auction.

Shews the Excellencies of Scotch Oeconomy! For if People are ſavin enough to live upon nothing, they will have little Occaſion for Spits or Saucepans, conſequently the Monies expended in Kitchen Furniture, &c. is of no other Service than that of Luxury and Extravagance.

The Roaſted EXCISEMAN.

Shews the natural Antipathy a free People have to any Scheme which tends to the cramping of their Liberties, and how willing they would be to ſacrifice the Authors of ſuch villainous Innovations.

The Scrubbing Poſt.

During the Prevalence of a Scotch Adminiſtration, there were too many of theſe Kinds of Poſts, where Numbers of our Friends from the other Side of the Tweed had frequent Opportunities of ſcrubbing their Carcaſes in a very comfortable Manner.

A ſnug Place.

What more ſo than a Lady's Chamber? The Reader has no Occaſion to aſk what Lady, or what Lord; as the Story is ſo well known, it will ſcarce admit of the leaſt Miſconſtruction. Happy for Old England were it not ſo!

Places of Honour.

Engliſh Glory muſt be in a ſhocking Situation, when it makes its Exit at the common Gallows!—— To what End have we attained Conqueſts, if the brave Fellows, who have exerted their Courage for Honour and Victory, ſhall be thus rewarded.—— Let the Scene change, and the Authors of an infamous P---e change Places with them; I leave it to the Public who moſt deſerves it?

An Hiero-

An Hieroglyphic Letter from a certain Lady to a certain Lord.

The ancient Egyptians were very famous for this Kind of Writing, and it has been pretty much uſed of late in political Affairs, in England. Upon proper Peruſal, the Characters and Objects of this Letter explain themſelves to the Satisfaction of the Reader.

Pug, the ſnarling Cur, chaſtis'd.

Exhibits in the Character of a ſad Dog, a famous Painter, who, for the Sake of a Penſion, took upon him to abuſe a worthy member of Parliament, who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf as an Author, in the Defence of the Public Freedom.

The Triumphal Arch. A SONG.

Containing much Humour, Satire and Truth.

The Maſquerade, or Political Bagpiper. A SONG.

Gives a humorous Account of a famous, or rather infamous Amour, between two Perſonages of the higheſt Character, and touches upon the Conſequences of an infamous P——e.

The State Puppet-ſhew.

None but the Devil himſelf, and a S——h Miniſter, could have exhibited ſuch a Scene. The Actors too are all ſubſervient to the Will of the Ma-

Managers, tho' greatly diſguſtful to the Spectators in general.

The Rumgrumblers of Great Britain. *A* Song.

Replete with good Senſe and Ridicule, upon the different Parties, who rail alternately at Peace or War, without being ever ſatisfied with either.

The Whipping-poſt.

Ah! poor England! thou art got into the Hands of an unmerciful Flogger, who has almoſt ſlead thee, but we hope the Time will come, when he ſhall be whipp'd in his Turn, with his own Rod, notwithſtanding the Motto, *Nemo me impune lacesſit.*

Places of Profit.

The very Quinteſcence of Oppreſſion, Bribery and Corruption, for if it was not for ſuch d——d Places, Penſions, &c. Men would act upon more diſintereſted Principles.

An Humorous Medley.

As it was performed the Night before Peace was proclaimed, between a Scotchman, a Welſhman, an Iriſhman, and an Engliſhman; ſhewing their different Opinions on that important Occaſion.

As you like it.

Shews the fatal Exit of a Fox and a Gooſe, who are hanging upon a Gallows of their own making, with a magnificent Pile to *Boot*.

The

The Scotch Yoke. A SONG.

A Yoke indeed! which the ſatirical Author has endeavoured to throw off, if poſſible.

Daniel *in the Lion's Den.*

Alludes to a worthy Patriotic Member's late Confinement in the Tower of London, for his glorious Oppoſition to a *ſad P——.*, a *ſad Exciſe*, and a *ſad Ad——t——n.*

The Tyburn *Interview.* A SONG.

This Song has more Meaning in it than we dare explain.

EXCISE alamode, or SAWNEY's *Oeconomy.* A SONG.

Which, with the Head-piece, ſufficiently ſhews the Inconſiſtency of ſuch a Scheme, and at the ſame Time how little Reaſon we had to imagine it would ever have paſſed.

A ſafe Place.

The Effect of Ar——y Power, which, in a wiſe and good Adminiſtration, never makes its Appearance, but acts only like a Bully, in Defence of a bad Cauſe, or influenced by bad Min—s in Times of Venality and Corruption.

It's all of a Peace.

A moſt excellent Satire on the Deficiency of thoſe Heads who had the Management of the Peace, and

of

of the little Monkey who fiddled away the Conqueſt upon the Pillar of Fame; with the ſtanch Patrotiſm of a noble Commander, whoſe Oppoſition to ſuch Meaſures is very well known, and applauded by the Public.

A miſerable cold Place, *or Alteration, and O!* Economy.

A charming Piece of Satire on the affected Parſimony and Frugality made Uſe of in a certain Great Kitchen, while the utmoſt Extravagance was made Uſe of in ſquandering away the Public Monies on S---h Pimps, Panders, Paraſites, &c. &c. who came in Swarms from the North for Preferment.

A Warm Place.

Here they go all in a Bunch! — But what's Hell to Scotchmen, who are ſo uſed to the Smell of Brimſtone; aye, and the Taſte too, that they may be ſaid to be truly qualified for the Place.

Daniel's *Delivery.*

Thank God for it---and the People too. *Vox Populi Vox Dei.* This alludes to the Enlargement of the celebrated Patriot Mr. *Wilkes*, who, after being dragged from Weſtminſter to the Tower, from the Tower to Weſtminſter, from Weſtminſter to the Tower, and from the Tower to Weſtminſter again, was found guilty of--- nothing at all.

The Scotch *Ovation. With a* Song.

A good Satire on the Northern M---r, whoſe Notions of Power were ſo very abſurd, that he vain-

vainly imagined, with two or three raſcally Bruiſers, to make his Way through the City of London.

A Body without a Head, or, The Mock Locum Tenens.

Is truly ridiculed in this Print. The Characters, Caricaturas, &c. in this Burleſque, are, upon Peruſal, very conſpicuous, tho' perhaps they do not appear greater Objects of Contempt in this, than they did in their real Proceſſion.

A View of the preſent Criſis of Affairs.

Exhibits Lord *Temple*, Mr. *Pitt*, the Duke of *Newcaſtle*, *Wilkes*, *Churchill*, and other Patriots, endeavouring to ſubvert the Tyrant EXCISE.

Kaw Jack; *have* Canada, *or the* Tower.

Shews how far the M——r endeavoured to perſwade, or terrify the Patriot, tho' in vain.

Scotch *Paradiſe.*

A Proto-type of the interdicted Tree, which bore the accurſed Fruit, that damned the whole Race of Mankind; but the Tree in View contained only Fruit enough to ruin a whole Nation. The Devil had perhaps as much Hand in the latter, as he had in the former: and a Woman was equally eſſential in both. The firſt Fruits of this accurſed Tree, was an *Exciſe* upon CYDER.

Scotch *Impudence, or the Northern Grinder.*

A good general Satire on People who ſubmit to be impoſed on by their Inferiors, by giving them

them a Power they always abuſe; in particular it may be applied to any Prince or Princeſs who ſuffer themſelves to be influenced by Favourites.

The Oppoſition.

Exhibits an obſtinate, or eaſy Ruler, who, tho' determined to ſtrive againſt his Friends, is very condeſcending to his Enemies.

The Reſignation.

Shews a great Lady in very great Diſtreſs for the Loſs of her favourite Bagpiper, who played in ſuch a Manner, that he made poor England dance a Scotch Jigg, but ſo much out of Time and Tune, that it is feared ſhe will never come into Tune or Time any more.

The State Racers.

The Devil take the *foremoſt* and *hindmoſt*, too, for they have jockeyed us in ſuch a Manner, that they have *run* the Nation over Head and Ears in Debt.

Oppreſſion Diſplay'd.

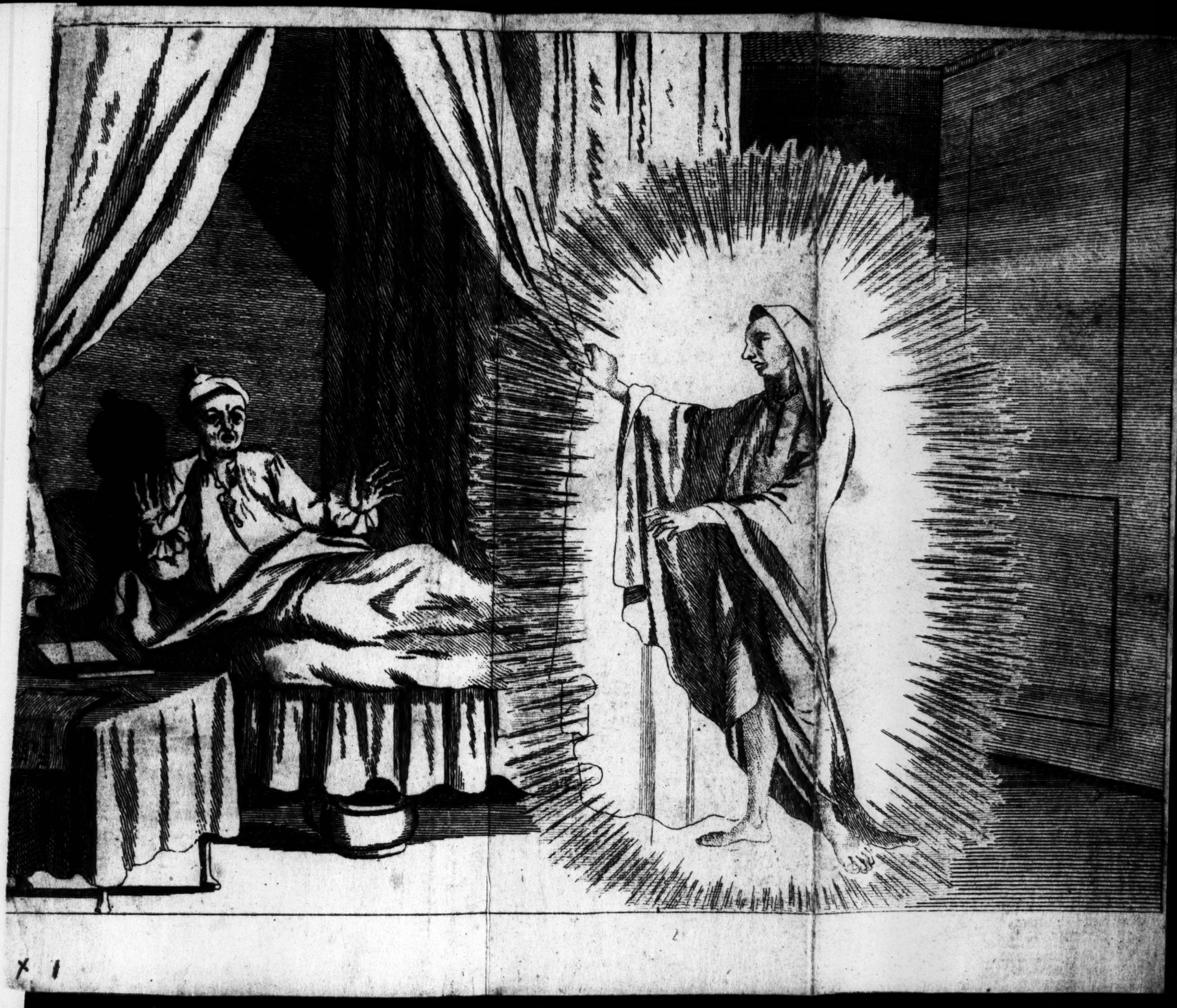
What a ſhocking Scene this muſt be in a Land of Liberty! when poor Creatures, who have no other Way of getting a Livelihood, muſt at all Times ſubmit to the Authority of peremptory *Exciſemen*.

EXCISE.

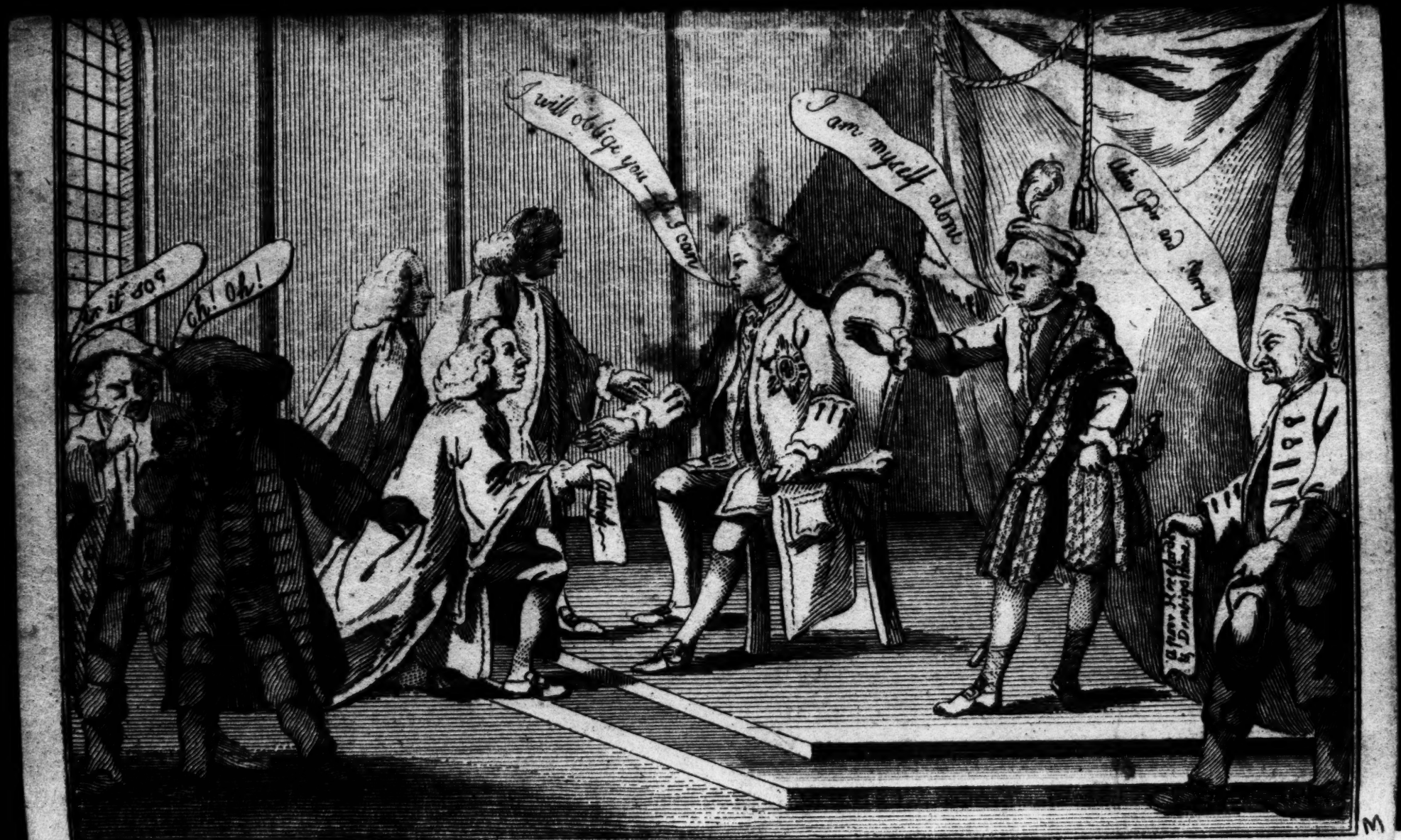
Ha! ha! ha! What a Figure the Ruſtics have here made of the great Projectors of this famous, or rather infamous Scheme; would they were not merely Effigies, and that the poor *Cyder-makers* had a more ſubſtantial and real Revenge.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 4 FEB 85



My Orders are to search every where.
God save the King, but that's a Lye, d—n you, I'll clout you, I will.
I must secure this for the King's Use.
'Tis his Lordship's Orders; and I'll seize this for Custom.
Var God's Zake, do you devise even my very Apples?



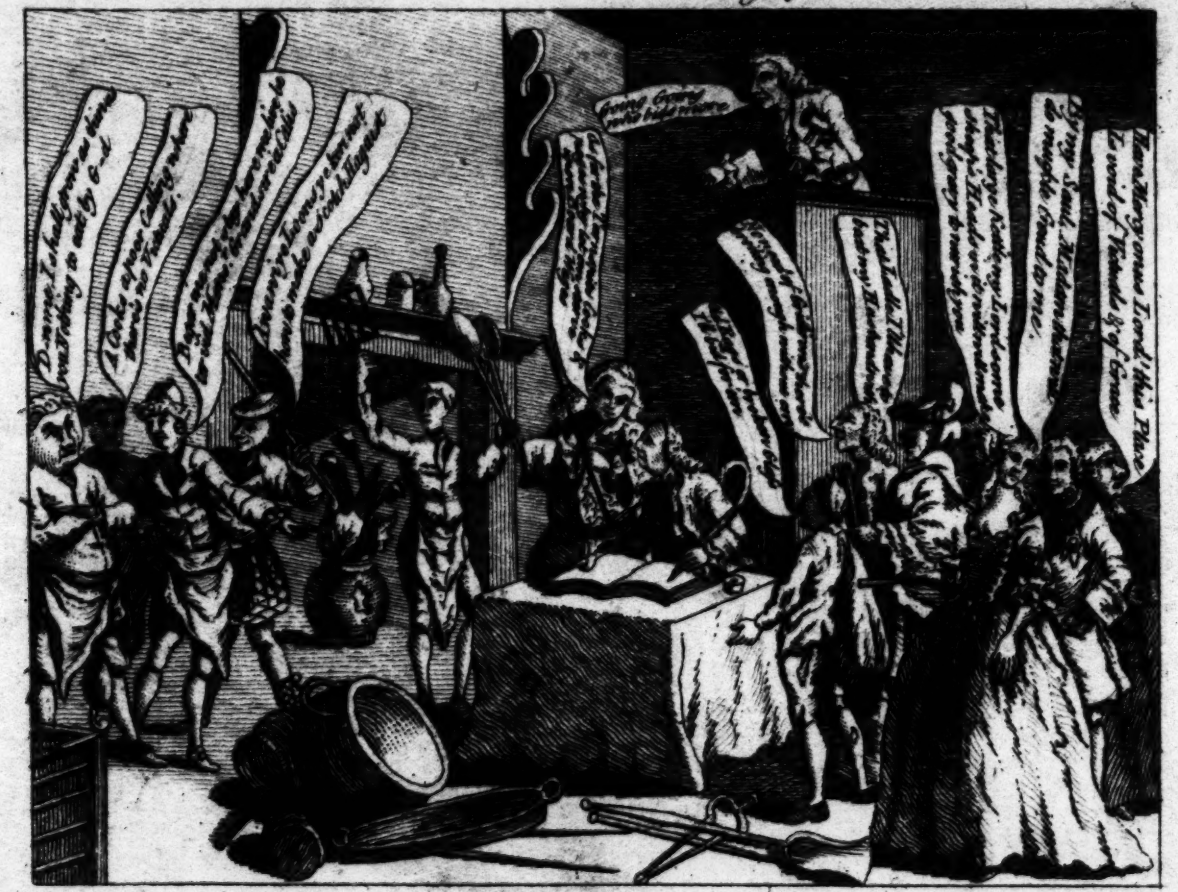
Denbigh Herreford. Cyder by Perry Marchant delin. et Sculpsit

Therein the Patient must minister to himself.
Ah Sammy Sammy what have you now
You have reignd too long for poor
Old England.
Canst Thou not minister to a Mind diseasd;
Raze out the written Troubles of the Brain;
And with some sweet oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the stuffd Stomach of the perilous Load,
that weighs upon the Heart.
Thou Ails of my Kingdom is Fear has
Made her sick!

North Briton
North Briton

SAWNEY BELOW STAIRS.

JOHN BULL'S Kitchen-Furniture *selling by* AUCTION.

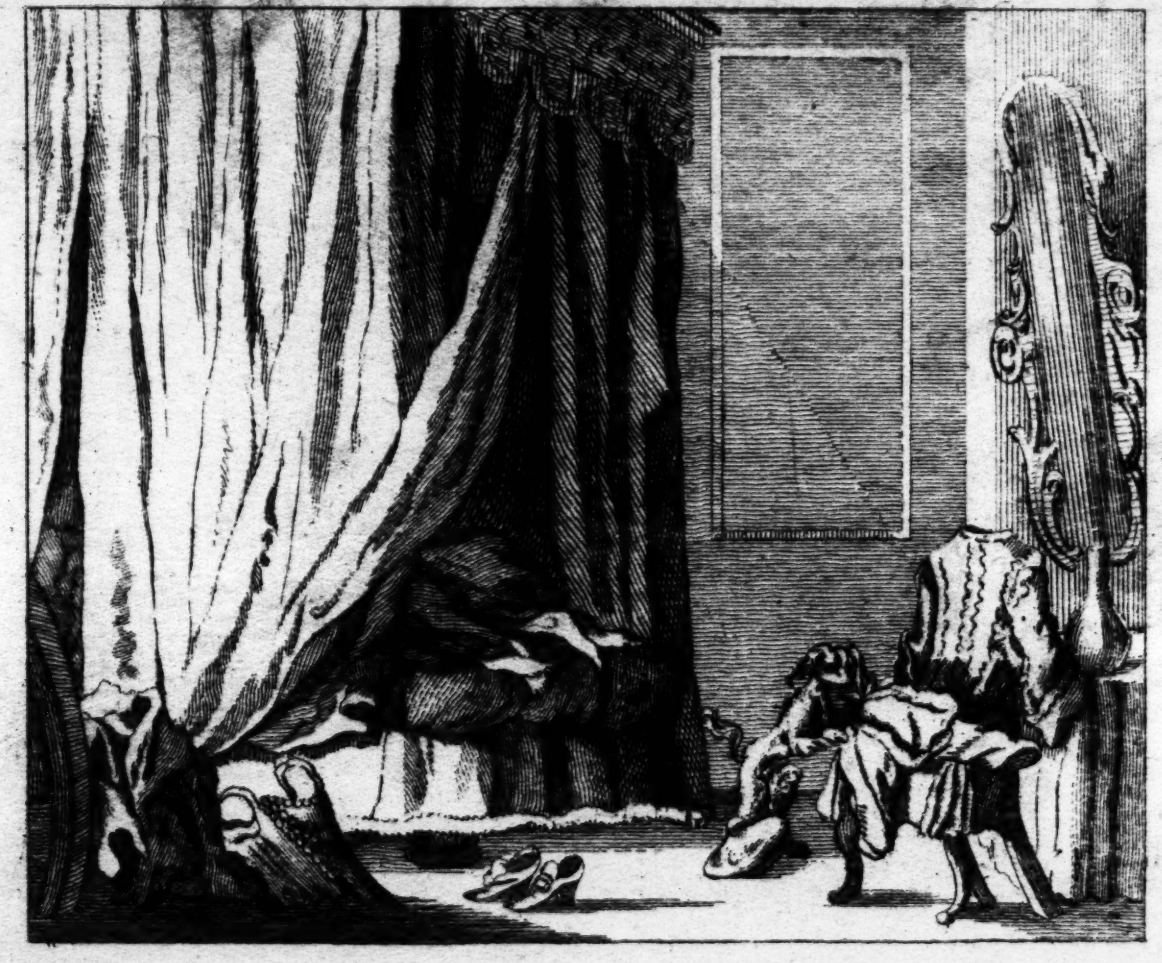

Farewell Liberty
Adieu Sweet Property
Farewell Trade
Farewell Taxes
Farewell Money
Farewell Credit
Farewell Ease
Farewell Plenty
Farewell Peace
Farewell Joy
Farewell Content
Farewell Ease
Farewell Plenty
Farewell Peace
Farewell Joy
Farewell Content
Farewell Liberty
Farewell Property
Farewell Trade
Farewell Taxes
Farewell Money
Farewell Credit

The ROASTED EXCISEMAN,
or the JACK BOOTS EXIT.

The Scrubbing Post.

To scrubb oneself where'ere it itches
is better far than Clothes, & Riches.

A Snug Place.



PLACES OF HONOUR.

There's Honour for you _____ *Sir John Falstaff*

PUG the *snarling* CUR *chastised, or a Cure for the Mange.*

prepared by I. Wilkes *Esq^r and* C. Churchil.

Its proper power to hurt each creature feels,
Bulls aim their horns and asses lift their heels. *see North Briton N° 17*

Price 6^d

Sold by E. Sumpter, in Fleet Street, Publish'd according to Act of Parliament.

PEACE

MARTINICO

GUADALOUPE

EAST INDIES

HAVANNAH

WEST INDIES

The Above Conquests so gloriously obtaind

were as gloriously given away. March 14 1763

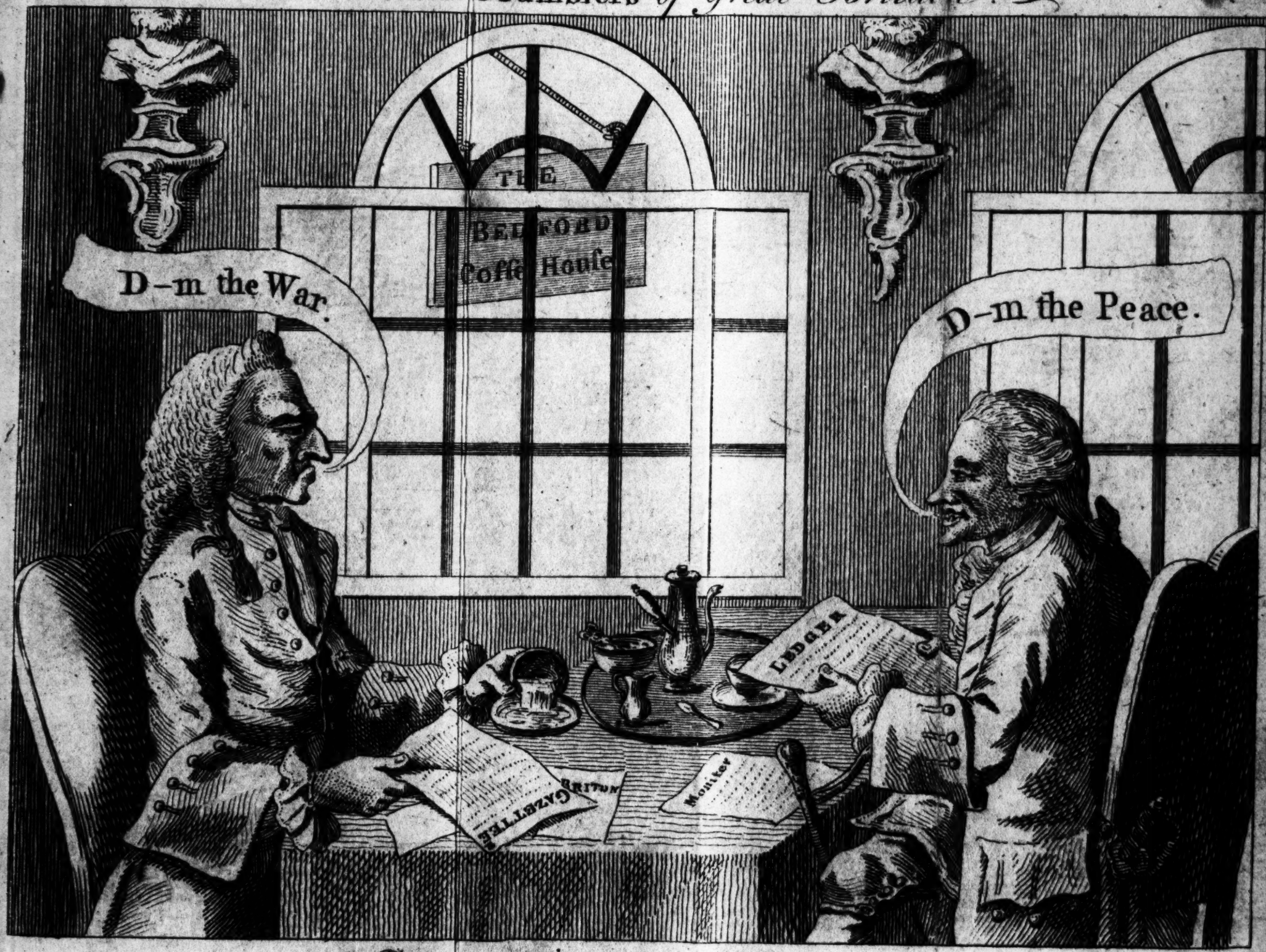
15

Publish'd according to Act of Parliament

The S—— Puppitt Shew or the whole PLAY of KING SOLOMON th. Wife——

ELVIRA
Now Lord now may I depart in peace
Now Lord now may I depart in peace
Now Lord now may I depart in peace

The Rum Grumblers of Great Britain.



Published According to Act of Parliament.

The Whipping Post.

Mac with a Thistle turned Jack Ketch
Makes poor Britania shew her Breech.

Satire's a harmless quiet thing ——— *'Tis* Application *makes the Sting*

PLACES OF PROFIT

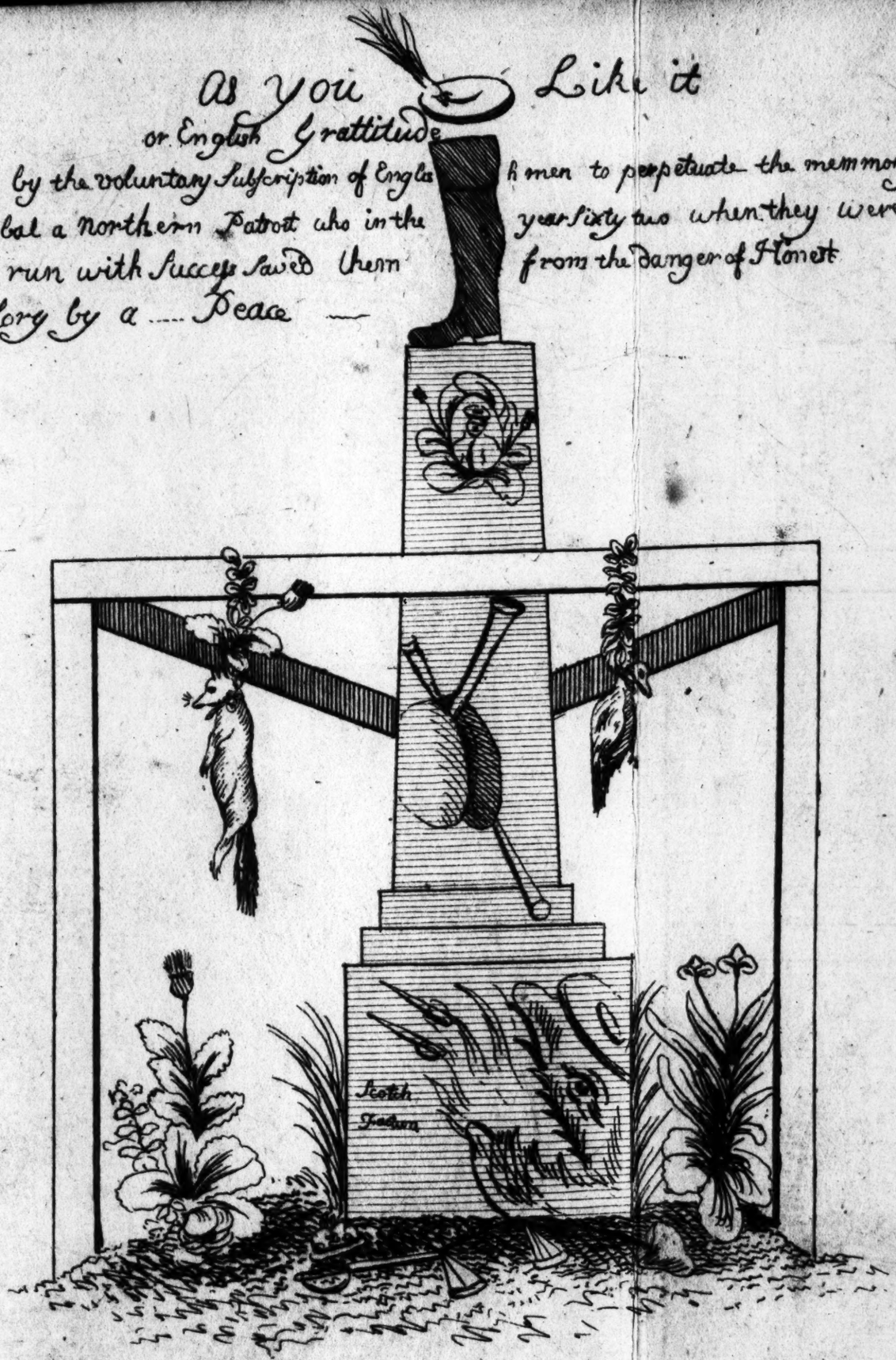
A friend at Court is better than a Penny in Purse. ———

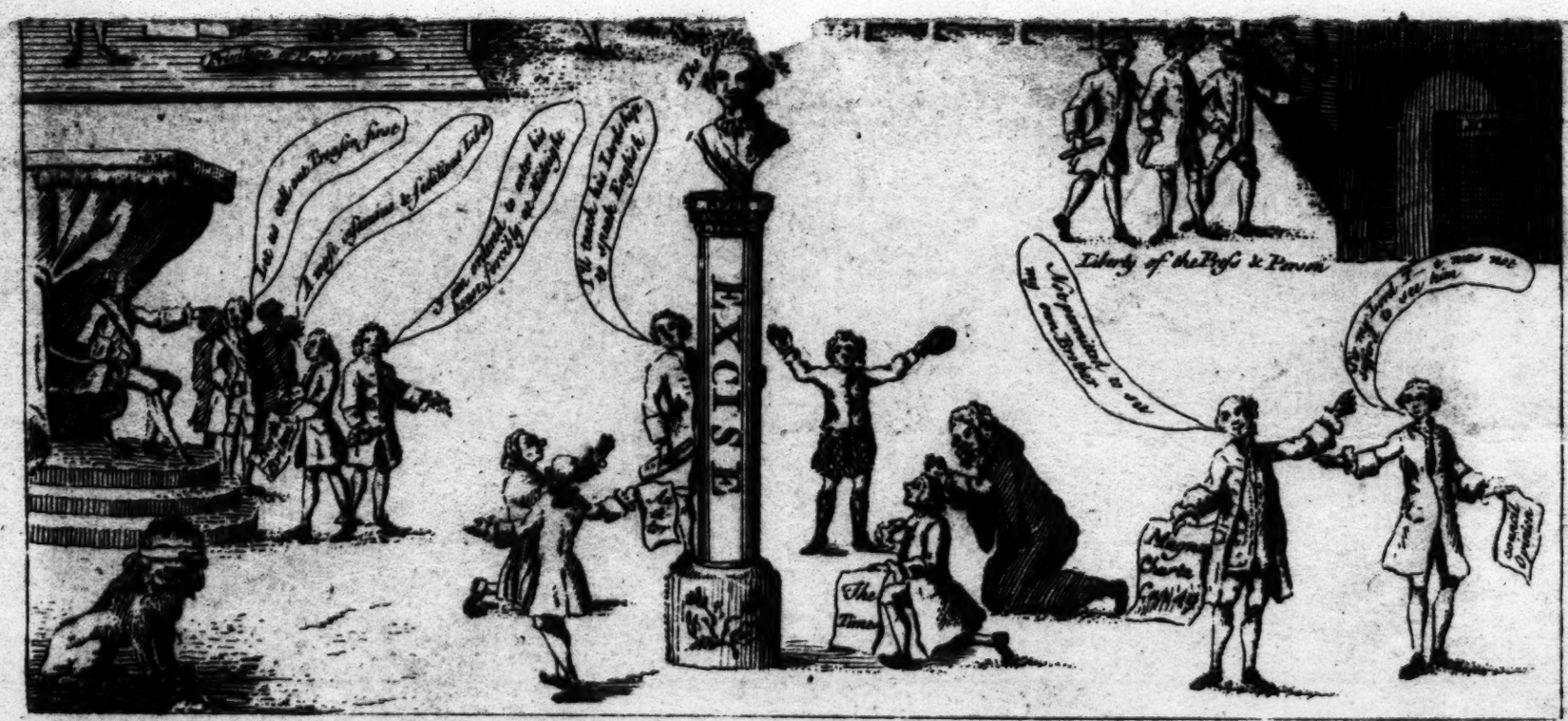
20

As you Like it

or English Grattitude

Erected by the voluntary Subscription of Englis h men to perpetuate the memmory of Gisbal a northern Patriot who in the year sixty two when they were over run with Succes Saved them from the Danger of Honest Glory by a ..... Peace —





DANIEL in the LIONS DEN.

A SAFE PLACE

Moderation, Moderation, this was Wonderfull Moderation.

An Old Song.

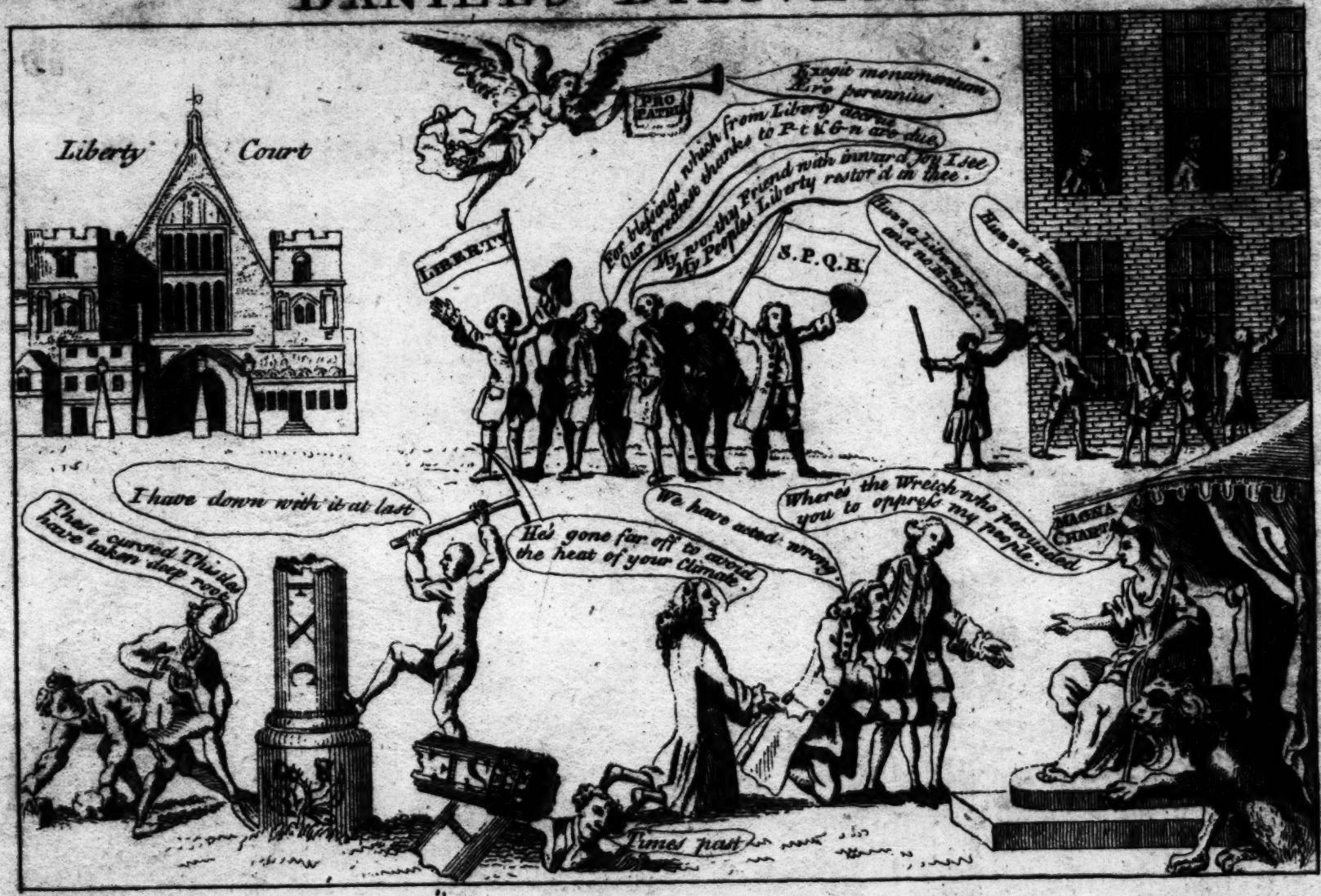
25

A Miserable Cold Place.

Alteration and Oh-Economy.

IT'S ALL OF A PEACE, *or* French Louisdors *for* English Bricks.

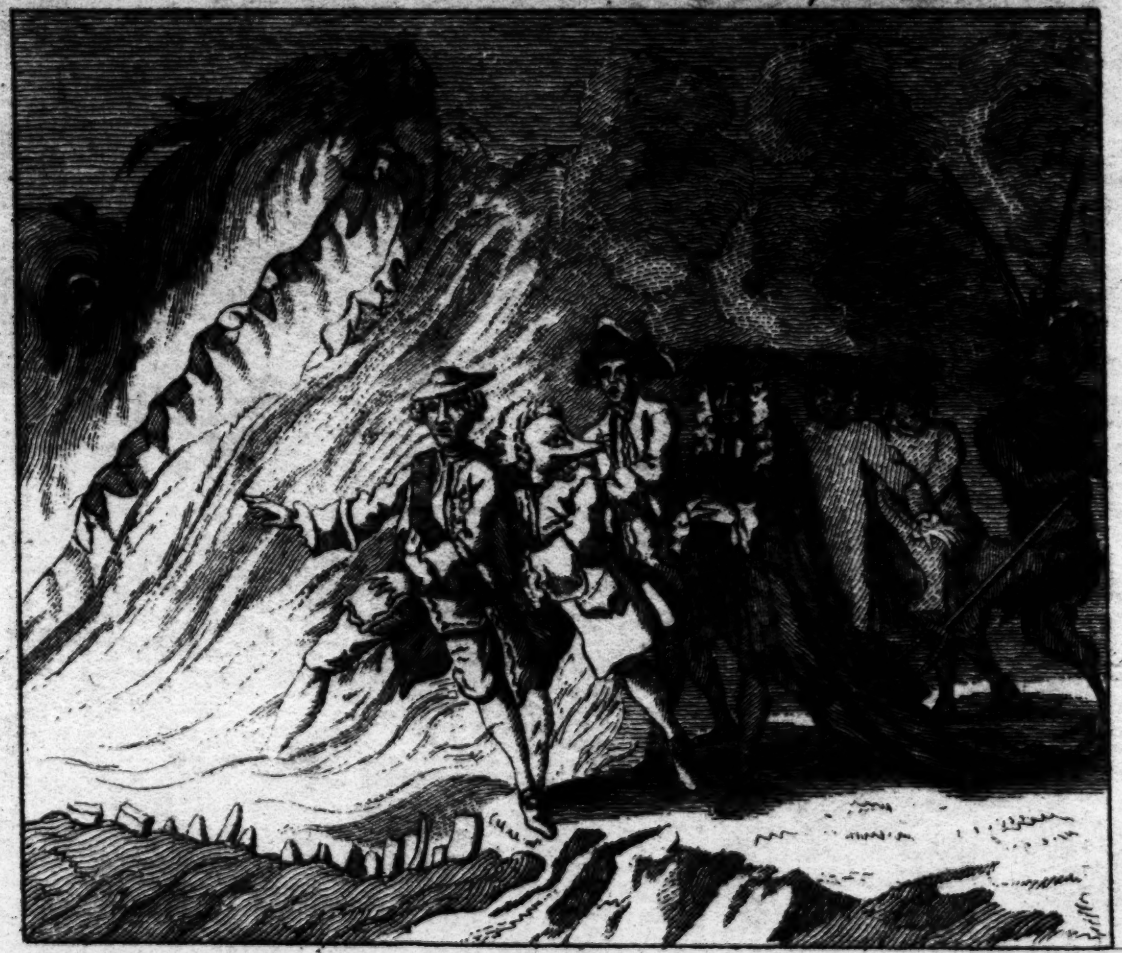
DANIELS DILIVERY.


Liberty Court
Exegit monumentum Aere perennius.
PRO PATRIA
For blessings which from Liberty accrue Our greatest thanks to P-t'L G-n are due.
My worthy Friend with inward Joy I see My Peoples Liberty restor'd in thee.
LIBERTY
S.P.Q.R.
Huzza Liberty Property and no Excise.
Huzza Huzza
MAGNA CHARTA
Where's the Wretch who perswaded you to oppress my people.
We have acted wrong.
He's gone far off to avoid the heat of your Climate.
I have down with it at last
These cursed Thistles have taken deep roots
EXCISE
Times past

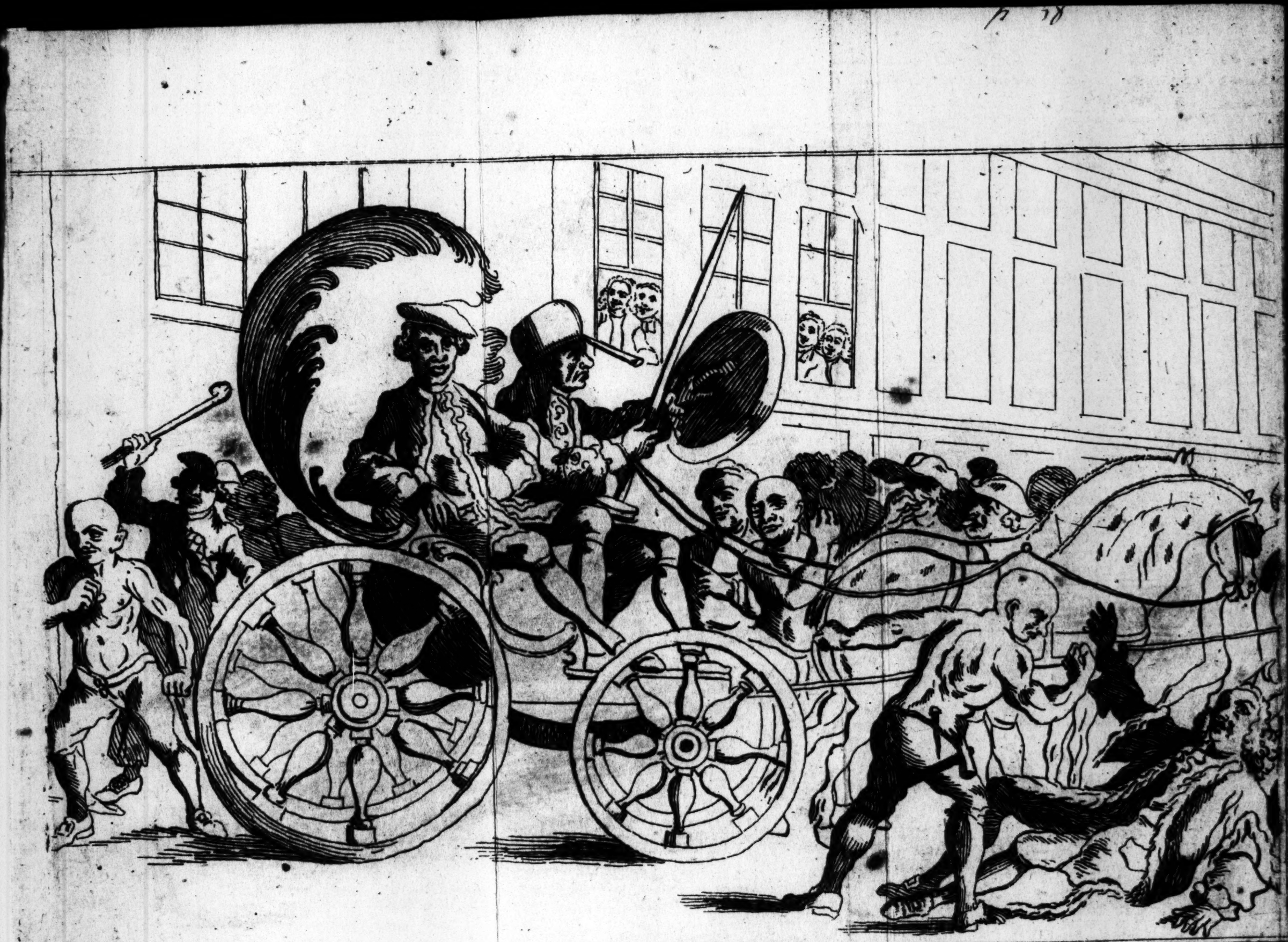
28

A WARM PLACE.

We're all on a Pour to Tophet.



Finis Coronat Opus.



Mo-Fuzzy Go Odds Tatters
Boy, von, won
Boy Trublue thats he shake him Boy
O Shame where is thy Blush
This is a sorry Sight

View of the prefent Crifis .
32.

O'Liberty O'my Country
Tom
Fingal

SCOTCH PARADISE,

A View of the BUTEifull Garden of EDENburg.

34

O Sawney, love your great, love is too much, your humble Servant
I have got Quesholds of you both & I'll keep it
Oh! my nose, you'l bring it to the Grindstone

English Emblems or the Northerners Grinded

31

THE OPPOSITION

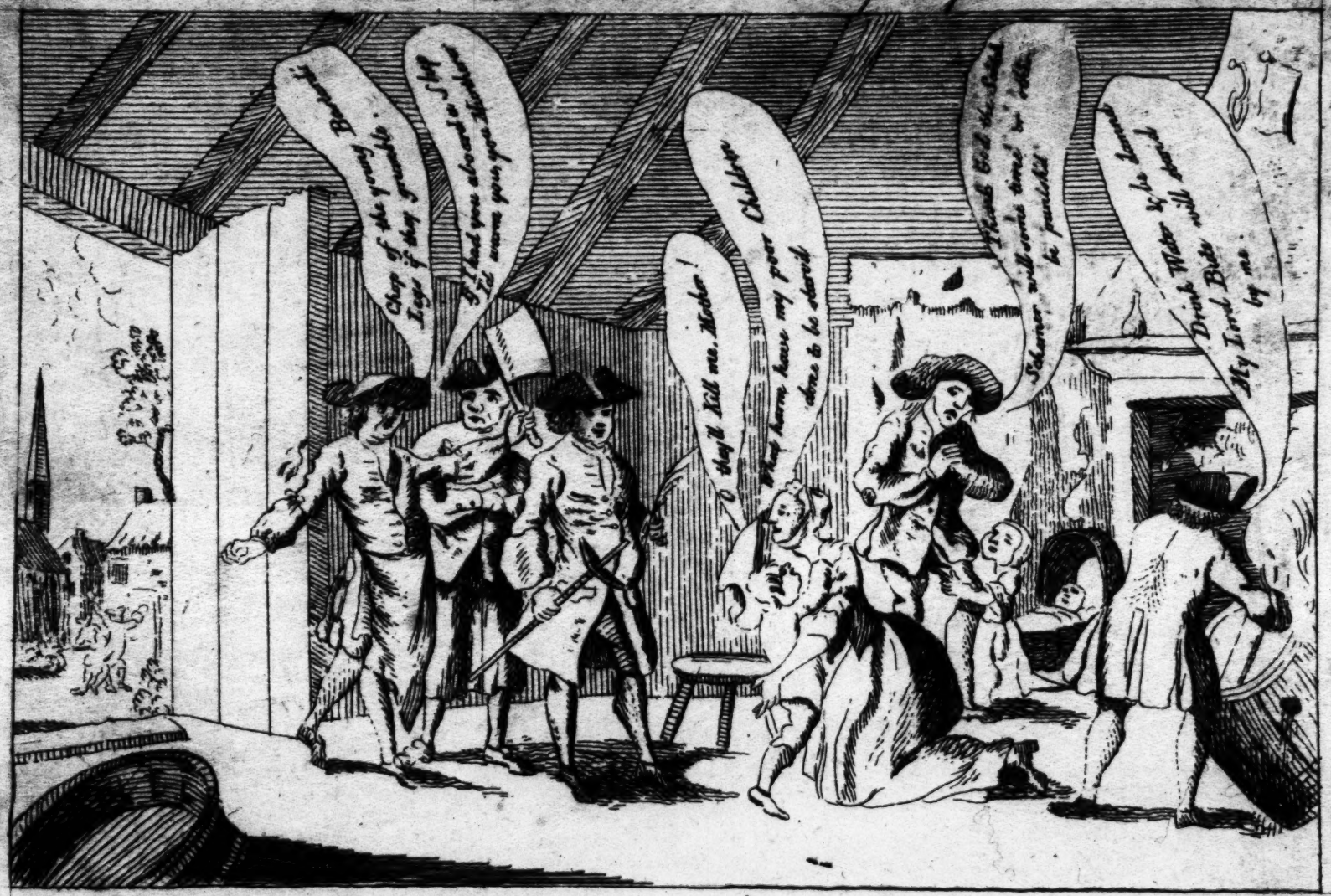
Give us your right Master Reynard We will Seatter our Flocks
Now y'ell see I look'd on me if I were nigh you
Now y'ell see I know I can make you Dance
Now y'ell see I know I can make you Dance
Now y'ell see I know I can make you Dance

O what Pain is it to Part
Can thy P_ ever leave the
Well said Uncle drive
him to the Gallows
Never fear Ned he's of
the true Preston Breed
O spare my Manhood
& let me gang quietly
I'll soon spoil your papers
I warrant ye Sir.

RESIGNATION.

EXCISE.

OPPRESSION displayd


Obey & the Penalty
Begone
Sir I have given above 20 Shillings
O they'll Kill me. Murder!
What have we done my poor Children
done to be abused
Schemes will be found to take
be punished
Drink Water & be damned
My Treat Bite will do
by me

I am sure some of them will Dye with the fall, it's dangerous now to Play
Take care good people you are not trod upon.
Fie, go your halves Monsieur here the Louis does
Begar Sawney if you win the Race
Gud troth my little Fox will have distanc'd them all.
Since Folly is at its Period counsel comes too late
Fall upon my Head for Bread.
Never doubt my Laird all after drove at the Devil of a Rate
In all Hallow
I can't tell Peggy whom I'll Faith I vote on either
Well said my little Fox them are a Babe of my own.

THE STATE RACER'S.

40

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